Tales of Enchantment from Spain

Elsie Spicer Eells

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Tales of enchantment from
Spain

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TALES OF ENCHANTMENT FROM SPAIN

The birds of all the world came flying up to her, and each deposited a tear in the cup. [*Page* 20]

Tales of Enchantment from Spain

Retold by
Elsie Spicer Eells

Illustrated by
Maud and Miska
Petersham

Harcourt, Brace and Company
New York

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PREFACE

IN my search for the old-world foundation of the folk-tales of South America, I have explored ancient Spanish folk-lore. These old Spanish tales have been kept alive in South America, and one finds traces of them in all South American countries. They have disappeared entirely from the north, however, although we North Americans too have our inheritance through the intrepid explorers of early days who set out from old Spain. The stories which thrilled the childhood of these bold adventurers should belong to us too as well as to the South Americans.

Tales of young adventurers who surmounted the difficulties of magic enchantments are these which I have collected from the great mass of folk-tales of old Spain. They have played their part in inspiring the Spanish children of long ago to a life of bold daring which made Spain famous throughout the world for her discoveries and explorations. Christopher

Columbus was of Spanish descent, and who knows but the story of the Magician Palermo, the last one of this collection, may have been the story at his mother's knee which set the lad to dreaming of the exciting possibilities which might lie beyond the sea?

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TALES OF ENCHANTMENT FROM SPAIN

THE WHITE PARROT

NCE upon a time in a city in Spain a brother and sister lived with their father in a happy little home. They were especially proud of their inner courtyard which was full of rare plants. The mother was dead, and little Mariquita was mistress of the house. She was a splendid little housekeeper, and everything about the place was always bright and shining.

One day an old woman came to the door when Mariquita was at home alone. She knocked, and Mariquita ran to open the door.

"How do you do, little girl? Is your father at home?" asked the old woman.

Mariquita replied that he was away.

"Is your brother at home?" asked the old woman.

Mariquita replied that he too was away from home that day.

"What a pretty home you have!" said the old woman. "It is quite the most attractive place in the town."

Mariquita threw wide the door. "Come in and see our house," she said. "I love to show visitors about. I want you to see what a pretty courtyard we have."

The old woman admired everything about the house. When she saw the *patio* she said that it too was very attractive. There was only one thing that was lacking. It needed a fountain of silver water.

"I never saw a fountain of silver water," said little Mariquita. "I'd like to have one, but I don't know where I could get one."

"That is easy," said the old woman. "All you have to do is to go to a certain place with a little jar and bring home the jar full of water from the fountain you will find there. When you put it in the courtyard it will instantly become a fountain of silver water. I'll tell you exactly where to go to get it."

When Mariquita's father and brother came home they found her crying. "What is the matter?" they asked in alarm. She was such a happy little maid that they were not in the habit of seeing tears upon her cheeks.

"I want a fountain of silver water for our *patio,*" cried Mariquita. "I'll never be happy again until I have one!"

"What nonsense!" cried her brother.

"We do not need a fountain of silver water in our *patio.* It is pretty enough as it is," said the father, shaking his head.

"I know just where to go to get water to make one!" cried Mariquita. "It is the easiest thing in the world to get it! I'll never be happy until I have it!"

She kept on crying until at last her brother decided to go in search of the water for her. He took a jar with him.

When he had gone a long distance he encountered a little old man, standing in the middle of the road.

"Where are you going, my lad?" asked the little

old man. "Who hates you so much as to send you into these parts?"

"I am in search of a fountain of silver water for our *patio* at home," replied the boy. "An old woman told my sister about it, and now my sister will never be happy again until she has one."

"There is great danger in getting this water," said the little old man thoughtfully. "You appear however to be a wise lad and perhaps will succeed. The fountain where you are going is guarded by a fierce lion. If he has his eyes closed he can see you, but if his eyes are open wide he is fast asleep. Wait carefully until you are sure his eyes are open. Then fill your jar with water and run away as fast as you can."

The lad did exactly as the little old man told him, and waited until the lion's eyes were wide open. Then he filled his water jar and hurried home with it as fast as possible.

When he emptied the jar of water in the *patio,* at once it changed into a lovely little fountain of silver water. Mariquita clapped her hands in joy, and

He waited until the lion's eyes were wide open.

even her father admitted that it was a great ornament to the *patio*.

"Oh, I am so happy!" cried Mariquita. "The fountain of silver water is the loveliest thing I have ever seen!"

The next day, when her father and brother were away, the old woman came again to the door.

"I am so glad you have come!" cried Mariquita as she opened the door. "I want you to see what I have in my *patio*."

She led the old woman into the courtyard and showed her the fountain of silver water.

"It is a great improvement," said the old woman, "but there is something else which you need. Now you should have a little tree with leaves of silver and nuts of gold, growing beside the fountain."

"Tell me where I can get one!" cried Mariquita eagerly. "I never saw a tree with leaves of silver and nuts of gold. It must be beautiful!"

When her father and brother came home that night she told them about her visit from the old woman. There was no peace in the house until her

brother had promised to start the next morning in search of the tree with leaves of silver and nuts of gold.

He started early upon his journey, and after he had gone a long distance, he saw the same little old man standing in his path. He told the old man about his new quest.

"Take a horse, my lad. You'll need one, and I have one here waiting. Follow the narrow path which leads up the mountain into the forest. After you have gone for some distance in the forest you will see the tree you seek. It is guarded by a serpent, and when the serpent's head is hidden it is asleep. Wait until it is asleep, and then break off a branch from the tree. Take it home and plant it in your courtyard, and you'll soon have a tree with silver leaves and nuts of gold, just as your sister wishes."

The boy mounted the horse and followed the directions which the little old man had given him. When the serpent's head was hidden, he broke off a branch from the tree and took it home. As soon

as the branch was planted in the courtyard, it grew into a lovely little tree with leaves of silver and nuts of gold.

"Oh, I am the happiest girl in the world!" cried Mariquita, when she saw it growing there beside the fountain of silver water.

All went well for many days. Then the old woman came again and knocked at the door.

"Come in and see what I have in my *patio* now!" cried Mariquita, opening the door.

The old woman went into the *patio*. "All you are lacking now is a white parrot," she said, as she looked about.

When Mariquita's father and brother came home that night, they found Mariquita once more in tears. There was no peace in the house until her brother promised to get her a white parrot.

When the lad had gone for some distance on his way, he again met the little old man. He told him about the white parrot which his sister had sent him to procure for her.

"Perhaps you will be able to get this white parrot

for your sister," said the little old man, "but it is a very dangerous undertaking. You will travel on and on until you come to a lovely garden, the most beautiful garden you have ever seen. You will see many wonderful birds flying about among the trees in the garden, but do not pay any attention to them. Wait a little, and you will see a white parrot, an exceedingly beautiful parrot, come and seat itself upon the round stone in the middle of the garden. It will turn slowly around, and after a while it will put its head under its wing and go to sleep. Wait until its head is under its wing and it is sound asleep before you seize it. Otherwise you will be turned into stone."

The boy followed the directions and came to a beautiful garden full of many trees with wonderful birds flying about the branches. He waited until a white parrot came flying down out of the treetops, alighting on the round stone in the center of the garden. It was the most beautiful bird he had ever seen, far lovelier than he had expected. The white parrot turned slowly round and round upon the

stone, and finally it put its head under its wing. In his eagerness to obtain the beautiful bird the lad forgot to be sufficiently cautious. He seized the bird a moment too soon and was turned into stone.

Mariquita awaited her brother's return anxiously. As the days and weeks passed by and he did not come, her grief knew no bounds.

"Some evil has befallen my brother!" she cried over and over again. "It is all my fault! It was my foolish wish for a white parrot which sent him away from our happy home. Oh, why was I so foolish as to listen to the old woman?"

At last Mariquita could endure her anxiety no longer and she decided to go in search of her brother. As she went on her way she encountered a little old man in her path.

"Have you seen a lad pass by some weeks ago,—a handsome lad with deep, dark eyes and waving dark hair upon his brow?" Mariquita asked eagerly. "I am sure you would remember him if once you saw him."

The little old man replied that he knew her brother well. Then he told her of the dangers which attended the quest of the white parrot.

"I know my brother has been turned into stone!" cried Mariquita. "What shall I do? It was all my fault! It was I who sent him in search of the white parrot! Oh, why did I ever listen to the old woman who came to my door?"

"Be careful that you do not meet the same fate as your brother," said the little old man. "Now that you have gone so far on the way there is no turning back. All will be well if you do not try to seize the bird too soon."

Mariquita journeyed on and on until finally she came to the beautiful garden. She waited quietly until she saw the wonderful white parrot come flying down to the round stone in the middle of the garden. Slowly it turned around upon the stone. Then it tucked its lovely head under its snowy wing and went to sleep.

The moment Mariquita stretched out her hand and seized the white parrot all the stones in the garden

came to life. There was her brother standing close behind her. Her joy was unspeakable.

Mariquita and her brother invited all the stones which had been restored to human form to come home with them and celebrate the event in their house. A great feast was held which lasted for three days.

"Now that I have my own dear brother safe home again I am the happiest girl in the world! There is nothing more to wish for!" said Mariquita. "Never again will I give way to foolish longings!"

THE CARNATION YOUTH

HERE was once a poor laborer who had an only daughter whom he loved very dearly. One day, when he was on his way home from his daily work, he saw a pink carnation growing beside the path. He picked it and carried it home to his daughter. She declared that it was the most beautiful carnation she had ever seen. She put it carefully into a glass of water.

That evening, as she held it in her hand, admiring it, she carelessly let it fall into the candle. The pink carnation began to burn immediately.

At that moment there suddenly appeared a handsome youth, who said to the girl sadly: "Why don't you speak to me? You will have to seek me among

the rocks of the whole world." Then he disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared.

The poor laborer's daughter had never seen such a handsome young man in her life. She dreamed of him night and day. His words kept ringing in her ears, "You will have to seek me among the rocks of the whole world."

There was nothing else for the girl to do except to go in search of the mysterious youth. She could no longer be happy in her own home. Accordingly she walked and walked.

Finally she came to a high rock on the bank of a river and as she was exceedingly tired she sat down to rest. It was very hot and she began to cry because of her great weariness and the intense heat.

Suddenly the rock opened and the handsome youth stepped out. "Why are you crying?" he asked gently.

The girl was so frightened that she could not say a word. She just kept on crying.

The handsome youth went on, "Over there through the forest you will see a large house with

broad fields about it. Go to the house and hire out as a servant. They will receive you gladly there." With these words he disappeared into the rock.

There was nothing better for the tired girl to do than to follow his advice, and she found the house as he had directed. The mistress of the house was in need of a maid, and she hired the girl at once. Soon the laborer's daughter became the favorite servant of the entire establishment, with her pretty face, her industrious habits, and her pleasant ways.

Then the other servants became jealous, and they plotted against her to get her into trouble. They went to their mistress and said: "Do you know what your new maid has been saying in the kitchen?"

Their mistress ordered them to tell her what it was.

"She says that you do not need to have so many servants. She alone could wash all the dirty clothes in one day."

The mistress called the little maid to her and asked if it were true. The poor girl wept and said that it was false, that she had never said any such

thing; but the other servants agreed that they all had heard her say it, and her mistress commanded her to wash all the dirty clothes in one day, according to her boast.

The little maid went to the river with the dirty clothes and sat down upon the rocks to cry. Suddenly the rock opened and the handsome youth stepped forth.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

The girl was so surprised that she did not answer, but went on crying harder than ever.

The youth continued, "Do not worry about washing the clothes. Just leave them here on the river bank and ask the birds of all the world to come and help you."

The girl looked up in amazement, but the youth had disappeared into the rock.

She did as he had advised, and called out: "O birds of all the world, come and help me!"

Soon the birds of all the world came flocking to the river bank. There were big birds and little birds and middle-sized birds. There were black birds and

brown birds and blue birds and red birds and yellow birds. The little maid had not known that there were so many kinds of birds in the whole world.

The birds seized the dirty garments in their beaks and shook them up and down in the river. Soon all the soiled clothes were clean and white.

In the afternoon they were dry and ready to carry home. The mistress and the other servants could not believe their eyes when they saw that the washing had all been done. The mistress loved her little maid more than ever and told all her friends what a perfect jewel of a servant she had in her employ.

Then the other servants became more jealous than ever and thought of another plot. Now it happened that their mistress had an only son who left the house one day and never came back. He had been enchanted. His poor mother wept until she nearly lost her eyesight. Accordingly, the servants went to their mistress and said that the new maid had boasted that she knew where to get an eyewater which would cure any eye trouble in the world.

Of course the poor girl had never said such a thing, but all the servants agreed that she had, and her mistress became angry because her maid had known of an eyewater which she had not obtained. Accordingly, the mistress sent the girl in search of the eyewater which would restore failing sight.

The little maid went down to the river bank and sat down upon the rocks, crying as if her heart would break. She did not know a single thing about eyewaters.

At once the rock opened and the handsome youth stepped out. "What is the matter? Why are you crying?" he asked.

As he received no reply, he went on to say, "I know how you may obtain an eyewater which will cure my mother's eyesight. Take a cup and stand by the river bank. Then call to the birds of all the world and ask them to come and weep with you." The youth disappeared.

The little maid followed his advice and stood by the river bank with a cup in her hands. She asked the birds of all the world to come and weep with her,

and at once they came flying up to her. Each one deposited a tear in the cup and soon it was full. The last bird which came dropped a tiny white feather into the cup.

When she bathed the eyes of her mistress with the water, using the tiny white feather, her mistress became better immediately. Soon she could see as well as ever, and she loved her little maid more and more.

The jealous servants plotted again against the maid. They told their mistress that she had boasted of knowing how to break the enchantment which bound the son of the house. By this time their mistress had such confidence in her maid that she believed the girl could do anything.

When she said she had never made any such boast, her mistress said, "Never mind! Just go ahead and try! If you should succeed in breaking my son's enchantment and restoring him to me once more, I'd make you his wife."

The little maid went down to the rocks beside the river and cried as if her heart would break. The

handsome youth came forth from the rock as before and asked why she was crying.

When she did not reply he said, "I know that my mother has sent you to break my enchantment. Gather together all the maidens in the town, rich and poor alike, and come and march about the rocks in a procession, each girl with a lighted candle in her hand. Be sure that no candle goes out. We'll see what that will do to break my enchantment!"

When he had once more disappeared, the little maid ran as fast as she could to gather together all the young girls of the town, rich as well as poor. A beautiful procession they made, too, when they came to march about the rocks, each with a lighted candle in her hand. The little maid was the last of all in the procession, and, just as she came to the rocks, the wind blew out her candle.

"O what shall I do! My candle has gone out!" she cried.

She saw that the handsome youth had already appeared.

"At last you have spoken in my presence!" he cried. "Now at last my enchantment is broken!"

"I thought I had spoiled everything when my candle went out!" exclaimed the little maid.

The young man explained to her how he had been enchanted one day when he was walking in the field. He had been changed into a carnation and had been told that his enchantment would be broken only when the person who burned the carnation should speak in his presence.

"You did not say one word when you burned me," he told her reproachfully. "I had to go back into the rocks from which the carnation had sprung, and I began to think I'd never get you to say a word to me. You didn't do anything but cry!"

The youth's mother was the happiest woman in the town when she saw that her son was restored to her, alive and well. She kissed her little maid upon both cheeks.

"You shall be my own dear daughter, now," she told her. "The wedding shall be celebrated immediately."

The little maid was entirely cured of the crying habit, and fortunate it was; for, after all the delay in getting his enchantment broken, her husband's patience could never have endured a crying woman.

THE WOODCUTTER'S SON AND THE TWO TURTLES

ONG ago there lived in Spain a poor woodcutter who had an only son named Antonio. Every day the father and son went into the forest to cut wood. One day the apothecary passed by the humble hut which was their home and noticed the odor of quinine from the smoke of their evening fire. He stopped to make inquiries.

"Where did you get that wood which you are burning?" he asked.

"We get it in the forest every day when we follow our work as woodcutters," replied the father of Antonio.

"Very well," said the apothecary. "Bring me all

the wood like that which you can find. I will pay you twice what you are accustomed to receive."

There came prosperous days for Antonio and his father. They had never known such comforts in life as they were able to purchase with their increased income. On feast days Antonio was clothed like the son of a rich man.

One day in the forest, Antonio's father felled a tree. As he began cutting into it a voice called out, "Stop pulling my hair!"

Antonio's father fell to the ground in amazement.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "I did not know that I was pulling any one's hair."

"I'll pardon you, on one condition," said the strange voice. "Call that son of yours hither and give him to me. I want to keep him with me as my own."

"Oh, I could not give you my Antonio!" said the poor woodcutter, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "He is my only son. I could never live without him."

"I'll allow him to come back to make you a visit once a year. Hurry up and call him hither! I

haven't very much patience. I'm getting crosser and crosser every minute!"

Indeed, the voice was so angry that the woodcutter did not dare do otherwise than call his son. "Antonio, Antonio!" he shouted.

The boy came running up at once. "What is the matter, dear father?" he asked, as he saw his father standing there with the tears running down his face. "Have you cut your foot?"

The woodcutter did not answer, for the strange voice addressed Antonio. "My lad, your father just now insulted me by pulling my hair. He has promised to make amends for it by giving you to me. You are to live with me for a year, but at the end of that time you may go home to visit your family. Never fear; you will have plenty to eat and drink and plenty to wear."

Antonio rubbed his eyes. Then he suddenly saw an enormous negro standing before him who beckoned him to follow where he led. Antonio followed him into a great hollow tree, and through that, to a cave. At the end of the cave there was a door which led to a

magnificent palace, grander even than the palace of the king which Antonio had once had the good fortune to see. Within the palace was a beautiful inner court adorned with rare plants and a fountain. There was food such as the boy had never tasted and in the alcove a richly canopied bed. The boy ate and drank to his heart's content and then he went to bed.

Days passed in the palace, but Antonio saw no one except the enormous negro who had conducted him there. At night, however, he was often awakened by sounds in the palace. There were music and dancing and feasting after he had gone to bed and the lights in the palace were all extinguished.

The year passed by very slowly, it seemed to Antonio. The days had flown much faster when he had helped his father cut the wood of the forest. At last, however, the time was up and he could go to visit his family.

The negro sent him away with his pocket full of gold. "Be sure that you return at the end of a week," said the negro. "And be sure that you do not mention to any of your family a single word about

what happens here. If you do, there will be a fearful punishment."

Antonio quickly ran through the cave and out of the hollow tree trunk. How good the forest looked once more! The odor of it was perfume to his nostrils. The forest birds had never before sung such sweet songs to his ears. He hastened home and was greeted with great joy by his family who were awaiting his coming eagerly.

There were many questions asked Antonio about his new life. He remembered the command of the negro, and was careful to tell nothing except the fact that he had plenty to eat and drink and wear and that he was happy there. One day, however, he was left alone with his aged grandmother for an hour, and the old woman questioned him so adroitly that she soon had drawn from him the story of the sound of music and dancing and feasting which he heard at night in the palace after the lights were all extinguished.

"You must find out about these things so that you can tell me all about them next year when you visit

us," said his grandmother. "Take a candle with you and some matches when you return. Then, the next time when you hear the gay sounds in the palace, light your candle and see what is going on."

At the end of the week Antonio went back to the forest and through the hollow tree trunk into the cave. He knocked at the door at the end of the cave. The negro opened it at once.

"I am glad that you returned promptly," said the negro when he saw Antonio standing before him. "Did you obey my other command and tell your family nothing about what goes on in the palace?"

"I never said a single word about it," said Antonio boldly. He did not dare tell the negro what he had confided to his grandmother. It seemed to him that the negro's sharp eyes were upon the pocket where he carried the candle and matches which his grandmother had given him.

"If you mentioned anything to any one you should tell me at once. I might be able to help you now, but soon it will be too late," said the negro as he eyed Antonio suspiciously.

That night Antonio went to bed in the richly canopied bed, with the candle and matches under his pillow. He slept soundly for a time, but at last he awoke, conscious that there were sounds all about him in the palace. He cautiously lighted the candle which his grandmother had given him, and the sounds suddenly ceased. He went from one room to another in the palace, but the light of the candle revealed no one. Then in one of the alcoves he saw that the bed was occupied. The most beautiful maiden he had ever seen lay upon the bed fast asleep.

Antonio quietly crept up to her side. As he leaned over the bed to look more closely at her lovely face, a drop of wax ran down the candle. It fell upon the face of the sleeping girl.

Suddenly the sleeping maiden, the magnificent palace, and everything else disappeared. Antonio found himself standing alone in the midst of the forest with a lighted candle in his hand. A shrill cry echoed through the silent forest. Then a deep voice said "Woe! Woe! Woe!"

The little candle soon burned itself out and

Antonio could not find his way out of the forest in the darkness. He crawled into the hollow tree and made himself as comfortable as possible for the remainder of the night.

Towards morning Antonio heard two turtles talking together outside the hollow tree. One turtle said

Towards morning Antonio heard two turtles talking together.

to the other: "Do you remember the enchanted palace which opened from the door at the end of the cave beyond this hollow tree?"

"Indeed I do," said the turtle. "Great feasts are held there in the darkness of the midnight hour."

"Did you know that the enchanted palace has been destroyed?"

"Destroyed! What happened?"

"The daughter of the king was sleeping there

and wax from a lighted candle fell upon her cheek. Her beauty is ruined forever."

"A lighted candle, did you say? Who had a lighted candle in that place of darkness?"

"It was the woodcutter's son who lives in the enchanted palace who did the evil deed. He has lost a beautiful bride. At the end of three years he was to marry the king's daughter."

"Isn't there any cure for the burns on the face of the princess?"

"If you and I were killed and cooked over the fire, and our shells ground into powder in a mortar, a paste could be made which would heal the burns and restore the beauty of the princess. Otherwise the princess will remain a prisoner in the royal castle and never go out except at night and then under a heavy veil to hide her disfigured face."

Antonio waited to hear no more. He quickly killed the turtles and took them home, as soon as it was daylight, to cook over his mother's fire. He ground their shells into powder in his mother's mortar and made a paste. Then he went to the royal palace,

dressed in a suit of clothes and a wig which he had borrowed from his old friend, the apothecary.

"I have come to heal the burns upon the face of the beautiful princess. I will restore her beauty," said Antonio to the attendants.

Already the royal physicians had tried all sorts of salves and remedies of every kind. What they did made the princess look worse and worse. When Antonio was admitted to her presence she refused to try any other remedies.

"It's no use," she said, as she hid her face.

Antonio requested the attendants to withdraw from the room. He whispered into the ear of the princess who he was. He then put the paste upon the burns, and immediately they were healed. The beautiful princess was as lovely as when he had bent over her sleeping form with the lighted candle in his hand.

"I will marry no one except the apothecary who has healed my burns," said the princess, when she stood before her father, the king, radiant in her restored beauty.

The woodcutter's son wedded the royal princess. He became the friend and protector of the turtles of the kingdom. Never again was one allowed to kill turtles in that land.

THE LUCK FAIRIES

ONCE upon a time there was a widow who had an only daughter. The girl was very beautiful to look at, but she was insufferably lazy, and she had such an enormous appetite that she was known throughout the town as a glutton.

One day as the mother went to mass, she said, "Daughter, sweep the house while I am gone and have a breakfast ready for me when I return."

When the woman came home from mass the house was unswept and the breakfast had all been eaten. There were still delicious odors of it in the kitchen, but there was not a bit of food left. The mother was very angry, and, seizing the broom, she started to beat her daughter. The girl ran out into the street crying bitterly.

Now there was an inn opposite the girl's home, and the stranger who was breakfasting there noticed the girl's tears and her great beauty. "Why is that poor girl crying?" he asked the woman who kept the inn.

The innkeeper well knew the girl's lazy ways and gluttonous habits, and she suspected what the trouble was; but she did not want to gossip about her neighbors to the stranger, so she said: "That girl who lives opposite is the most industrious girl I ever saw. Her mother has to beat her to keep her from working too hard."

The man looked thoughtfully at the beautiful, weeping girl. "I'd like to know a girl like that," he said. "All the girls I know are so lazy that they do not earn their salt. That is why I have never married. Now that I've discovered a really industrious girl—a pretty one, too—I believe I'll marry her at once. Go on and arrange the wedding for me."

The innkeeper could hardly believe her ears. However, she promised to arrange the wedding, and she went at once to her neighbor across the street.

"My daughter ate all the breakfast before I got home from mass!" cried her neighbor. "Did any one ever have such a troublesome daughter on her hands as I have?"

"We all have crosses to bear and God has given you this one," said the innkeeper. "However, I have an offer of marriage for your daughter and perhaps she will leave you soon in peace. The only difficulty is that I told the gentleman that she is very industrious and——"

"Industrious! I cannot allow him to be so deceived! My conscience would never allow me so to fool any man!" cried the girl's mother.

"Do not worry, señora," said the innkeeper. "I have found out all about the man. He has plenty of money to hire servants to do his work for him. Your daughter will not need to show whether or not she is industrious. You cannot afford to allow an offer like this to pass by."

The mother was at length persuaded to consent to the marriage. The innkeeper went on with the arrangements for the wedding. She and the

mother were to accompany the bridal pair to their home.

On the journey the girl noticed a smooth green field bordered with beautiful trees. "How I'd like to lie down under the trees and rest," she remarked.

The bridegroom was riding ahead. "What did she say?" he asked.

"She says that she'd like the opportunity to plant a field like that with flax," said the innkeeper hastily before the girl could repeat her remark.

Soon they passed a big house with many outbuildings.

"I'm so hungry I could eat all the food that house could contain," remarked the girl.

"What did she say?" asked the bridegroom, who was still riding ahead.

"She says that she'd like the opportunity to fill all the storerooms in that place," replied the innkeeper. "Didn't I tell you what an industrious bride you were getting?"

The innkeeper and the bride's mother left the

bridal pair at their new home. It was a fine large house set in the midst of fertile fields.

The next day the girl's husband prepared to leave home for the day to attend to some necessary business. "I am sorry to have to leave you so soon, but here is plenty of flax for you to spin and perhaps you will not miss me too much," he said.

He showed her the flax and went away. As soon as he was gone the girl took an enormous bag of nuts she had noticed in one of the storerooms and ate nuts until there were no more in the bag.

Then she remembered the flax. She took her spinning to the balcony, but she made sorry work of it. She did not know how to spin, and she tied the threads together instead of twisting them.

Three fairies passed by while she was busy with the spinning.

"Do you see that beautiful girl spinning in the balcony?" asked the first fairy.

"Do you see what quantities of flax she has to spin?" asked the second fairy.

"Do you see what sorry work she makes of her spinning?" asked the third fairy.

"I am going to do her spinning for her," said the first fairy.

"I am going to weave the thread into cloth for her," said the second fairy.

"I am going to make the cloth up into sheets and tablecloths and garments for her," said the third fairy.

The three fairies went to work, and soon the storerooms of the entire house were filled to overflowing with new garments and sheets and table linen made from the beautifully woven cloth.

When it was time for the girl's husband to return, she took the bag full of empty nut shells and hid them under her mattress. As her husband entered the house he heard her crying.

"What is the matter with my dear little bride?" he asked, as he ran to her bedside.

"I am so tired that even my bones crack!" cried the girl, as she turned over in bed and the nut shells under the mattress rattled and scraped together. "I have worked and worked at the spinning and weaving

until I am nearly dead with my weariness. Go and look in the storerooms and you will see that I have good reason to be tired."

The bridegroom looked in the storerooms. He was filled with amazement when he saw the great quantities of completed garments.

How did she ever accomplish so much!" cried he. "No wonder the poor girl is so tired that even her bones crack with her weariness. Never again shall my beautiful wife do a bit of work in my house! Tomorrow I will hire servants to do it for her. Now that I have found such a jewel of a wife, so beautiful and so industrious, I must take better care of her, otherwise she will kill herself with overwork and I shall be left desolate."

From that day on, the girl never did a bit of work, thanks to the work which the three fairies had done for her and to the good reputation which the kind neighbor, the innkeeper, had given her. No one else in the world has ever been able, however, to escape work so easily. There is no use trying.

THE BIRD WHICH LAID DIAMONDS

ONG ago in a city in Spain there lived a silversmith who earned a modest livelihood from his trade. He was very fond of hunting, and one day on a hunting expedition he spied a strange bird, such a bird as he had never seen before. He wounded it slightly upon its right wing and brought it to earth where he could capture it and carry it home to observe at his leisure.

He fitted up a cage for it, and the next morning he was amazed to find a small stone in the bottom of the cage which he at once recognized to be an unpolished diamond. He sold the precious stone for a goodly sum. Every morning he found a new diamond on the bottom of the cage and he soon became a rich man.

One morning the silversmith lifted the right wing of the bird, and was surprised to discover a bit of writing underneath the wing. He read: *"He who eats my head shall be king."*

He lifted the left wing and underneath that wing he discovered the words: *"He who eats my heart shall find a purse of gold under his pillow every morning."*

"Well," thought the silversmith, "in that case it might be better to kill the bird and eat its head and its heart. I should like to be a king and find a purse of gold under my pillow every morning when I awake. That is even an easier way to get rich than it is to pick up a diamond every morning. Perhaps after a time I shall get the market overstocked with diamonds, and it will not be so easy to dispose of them as now."

Accordingly, the silversmith killed the bird and gave it to the cook to get ready for dinner. "Prepare this bird with especial care," he said to her, "and be sure that you serve me the head and the heart.

If you should fail to do this you'll receive a sound punishment."

Now it happened that the two sons of the silversmith came rushing into the kitchen while the cook was preparing the dinner. They were so hungry they could not wait for the dinner to be served, and, before the cook could say a word, the elder son had eaten the head of the bird and the younger son its heart.

The cook ran to the silversmith at once and told what had happened.

"Well," thought the silversmith, "it might be worse. My elder son will be a king and my younger son will find a purse of gold underneath his pillow every morning. I'll not fare so badly after all."

The next morning the silversmith stole into his younger son's room before the lad was awake and put his hand carefully under the pillow. The purse was there, and, when the silversmith drew it out, he was delighted to find what an immense sum of gold it contained. He took the purse from his son's bed every morning before the boy was awake. He said noth-

ing to either of his sons about the result of eating the head and the heart of the mysterious bird.

It happened after a time that the two sons of the silversmith were invited to spend a week with a friend at his hunting-lodge in the forest. Their father opposed their going, but at last they persuaded him to give his consent.

The first morning they spent in the hunting-lodge a servant came to the younger son and said: "You left your purse under your pillow this morning, sir. Here it is."

"That is no purse of mine," said the boy. "I have never seen it before."

"It must be yours, señor. Who else could have had a purse under your pillow? I made your bed ready for you myself, and I know it was not there before you went to bed," replied the servant.

"Keep the purse," said the silversmith's son.

The servant was as happy as Christmas. That day if any one had asked her who was an angel from Heaven she would have responded, "The young Señor who is a guest in the house."

The next morning the silversmith's son prepared to roll a cigarette the first thing when he awoke. When he put his hand under the pillow for the paper he had put there, he discovered the purse full of gold.

Every morning there was a purse of gold under his pillow. He told no one about what had happened.

When he reached home he went to his father and told how he had found a purse full of gold underneath his pillow every morning while he was away. The silversmith decided that the time had come when he should inform his sons about the bird, and he told them the whole story.

The two brothers were delighted to hear of the good fortune which was theirs. "Come," said the elder brother, "let us travel about the world a bit! We are amply supplied with money for any expedition we may undertake, and who knows when I may become king!"

The silversmith endeavored to persuade his sons to remain at home with him, but the two brothers were eager to see the world and they set out upon a journey.

In the very first land they visited they were met

by a great army of soldiers in shining armor who came to summon the elder brother to be king of the land. The silversmith's son advanced to the capital at the head of the army. They were received with great feasts and he was crowned king of the land.

"Stay with me here in my kingdom," he said to his brother. "I will send for my father to come and dwell with us here, and we shall be very happy together. You shall have the highest office in the kingdom and shall marry a princess."

"Thank you for your kind thought of me," replied the younger brother. "But when I wed I shall select my own princess. She will have to be very beautiful and I shall have to love her very dearly."

The younger son of the silversmith continued to travel about the world. The most beautiful maid he saw in all his wanderings was an orphan girl who lived in a shabby little house with a widowed aunt. They were very poor.

The silversmith's son sought to marry the girl, and both she and her aunt looked upon him with great favor, though they did not know the extent of his

wealth. The marriage took place and he lived with them in their little house.

There was always plenty of money and no work by which to earn it. The aunt became very curious as to the source of their riches and asked her niece to find out about it. There was a servant to do the house work now, and she had nothing to do all day except to think.

The girl was no less curious than her aunt, and one day she said to her husband: "How is it that you have so much money and yet never work? Tell me how it is."

The silversmith's son answered his wife's questionings, and told her the story of the mysterious bird and the purse of gold which appeared under his pillow every morning. The girl went to her aunt and reported to the old woman all that she had found out.

The next morning when the silversmith's son awoke there was no purse of gold under his pillow. He anxiously tore the bed to pieces. The purse was not to be found. He questioned his wife

in regard to it, but she knew nothing of the missing purse.

The aunt had stolen into the room when the silversmith's son was asleep and taken the purse for herself. She did it every morning, and the days went by with no purse of gold under the young man's pillow. He was no longer a rich man. He thought the magic power was lost.

The aunt became very insolent and haughty, now that she carried the purse. She alone gave orders in the house.

The poor youth had no money with which to journey back to his brother's kingdom, and he decided to go to work to support his wife, whom he loved dearly. Accordingly, as he knew more about the silversmith's trade of his father than any other work, he apprenticed himself to a silversmith.

One day, when the young man was working at his trade, he observed his wife's aunt go down the street. There was no mistaking the purse which she carried. It was exactly the same sort of a purse, a bag of pigskin, which had appeared every morning under his

own pillow. He did not go home that night, but instead walked out to the edge of the city where he could be alone to think over what course he would better follow. There was no doubt in his mind that he still had the gift of a purse under his pillow and that his wife's aunt stole the money. He decided to stay awake all night to be sure to catch her at her trick.

Just as he made this decision he realized that he was hungry. Accordingly, he helped himself to a fig from a fig tree which grew by the wayside. Immediately he was changed into a burro.

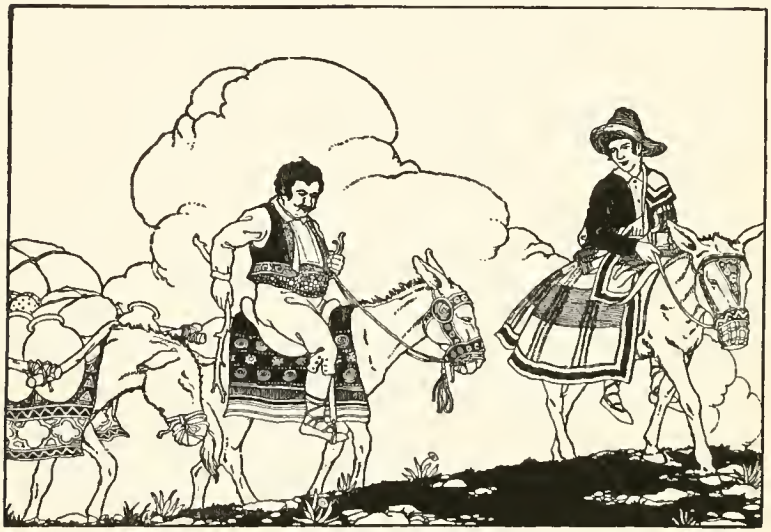
His appetite was still with him and he ate the grass which grew by the path. At once he changed back into his own form.

"This little experience of mine has taught me something which may be useful to me," he remarked to himself with a smile.

He went home as soon as he had picked a hatful of the figs. That night he lay awake, but he pretended he was asleep when he saw his wife's aunt enter the room. She silently stole to his bed-

side and extracted the purse from underneath the pillow.

The next morning the silversmith's son gave his



They went, mounted on two of the burros.

wife, her aunt, and the servant, each one of the figs he had brought home with him. Immediately they were turned into burros. He carefully bound their mouths with leather straps so that they could eat no grass.

Then he went to his place of work and said to his employer: "I have suddenly become so rich that I'll no longer need to work for my living. In celebration of my good fortune I desire to take a pleasure trip out into the country. I invite you to be my guest."

His former master accepted the invitation and they went, mounted on two of the burros. The one which was the aunt they used as a cargo animal and loaded her heavily. After going some distance the animal became lame and fell to the ground. With her heavy load she could scarcely travel, but she was compelled to go the entire distance; and, by the time they reached home at the end of the day, she was nearly dead. At night, the silversmith's son allowed all three of the burros to eat grass, and they were quickly restored to their own forms once more.

The next morning, when the guest at the party came to make a call and inquire as to the health of the host, he was met by the servant, who told him that the young master and his wife had left the city, and that the old aunt was upon her deathbed in the next

room. She did not, however, tell him that she had been the burro upon which he had ridden the day before.

As for the younger son of the silversmith, he was received with great joy by his father and his brother in his brother's kingdom, and he and his beautiful wife lived there happily all their days.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE IN THE SEA

ONG ago in a certain city in Spain there lived a youth who had no fondness whatever for work, but a very great fondness for getting into debt. The foolish lad had used up his entire inheritance. There was nothing left with which to pay the pile of debts which he swiftly accumulated.

One day a stranger appeared at his door, who offered to settle all his debts on condition that the young man should do a day's work for him. The youth gratefully accepted the offer, for he thought that he could at least manage one day's work, no matter how hard it was.

"Be ready at five o'clock, tomorrow morning," said the stranger, as he paid the debts.

The next morning the youth found the stranger

at his door promptly at five o'clock in the morning. He was mounted on a fine black horse, and he had with him an extra bay horse upon which the boy was to ride. They rode on rapidly up hill and down, through fertile valley lands, and over narrow woodland trails, until at last they reached the sea.

Then the stranger, who was riding ahead, turned to the boy and said, "Far out in the sea there is a castle lined with gold and silver. You are to accompany me there to aid me in filling some sacks to carry home. Come on!"

The youth looked fearfully at the angry waves. "Very well, Señor," he replied, "you ride ahead, please."

The stranger spurred the fine black horse into the raging sea, and there was nothing for the frightened youth to do except to follow upon the bay horse. The horses swam rapidly through the waves, and soon a great castle upon high rocks rose before them.

When they had climbed out of the water upon the rocks, the stranger said: "It is your task to enter the castle and fill these two sacks, one with gold and

Soon a great castle upon high rocks rose before them.

the other with silver. As soon as you fill them throw them down to me."

The youth looked up at the high castle which frowned down at them from the summit of the steep rocks. "I don't see any way to get into the castle," he said.

Then the stranger took a little book out of one of his pockets and opened it. The youth felt himself suddenly rising from the ground. He screamed with fright as he slowly rose to the top of the rock, and then to a little window high up in the castle wall. He crawled into the window and filled the two bags, one with gold, and the other with silver. He was amazed at the enormous piles of silver and gold which the castle contained.

He threw the bags out of the window and prepared to descend; but to his surprise, the stranger loaded the two bags upon the bay horse, seated himself upon the black horse, and rode rapidly out to sea upon its back, leading the bay horse after him. The youth shouted in vain. The man never turned his head to give him even a glance.

The poor boy was in despair. "What shall I ever do!" he cried. "Here I am stranded upon this rock in the midst of the sea! There is nothing to eat or drink in this castle, nothing but silver and gold! What shall I do! O foolish boy that I was, ever to allow myself to get into a situation like this!"

He wandered through the castle, but saw nothing anywhere except the great piles of silver and of gold. "O mother of my soul!" he cried. "It is my fate to die here in this deserted spot, surrounded on all sides by the angry waves! I cannot eat gold and drink silver."

His hunger grew as time passed and his thirst was even harder to endure than the hunger. At last he noticed a damp spot on one of the castle walls. "Perhaps I may be so fortunate as to find a spring of water," said he, as he eagerly began digging with his hands.

He dug and dug for a long time until he was weak and faint. He found no water. All he discovered was a rat in the wall. He rested and then went on digging, and at last he came to a heavy door.

He opened the door anxiously, for he did not know what might lie behind it. What he saw was a narrow stone stairway leading down into the depths of the earth.

The boy committed his soul both to the angels and to the devils, and descended the stairway. At the foot of the stairs he found another door. It opened into a great hall. To his joy there was a fountain of water in the middle of the room. At the side of the fountain there was a table laden with rich foods.

The first thing he did was to drink some of the water of the fountain. Then he began to taste the food.

"I may die, but I will at least die with a full stomach," he remarked. "What will happen next the good God alone knows."

At the end of the meal the youth wandered about the great hall. Then he opened the door into the kitchen. There in the kitchen stood an old negress. She was very old, and very fat, and very black. She dropped the plate in her hands when she saw the boy, she was so amazed at his presence.

"Poor lad! What cruel person wished such evil upon you as to lead you to this place?" she cried.

The boy told her the whole story. She nodded thoughtfully.

"Your punishment is greater than you deserve," said she. "But if you are a quiet and obedient lad, you may live on here in the castle. You will see no one except me."

The youth spent many days in the castle. There was at least plenty to eat and drink, but it was very lonely. Sometimes he would climb up the stairway to the upper tower of the castle and look out of the little window, high up in the tower. He would gaze and gaze at the raging sea as it dashed angrily upon the rocks, and long for his old life back in the land which lay far beyond the waves.

He often questioned the old woman in the kitchen, and at last he found out that there was a secret door in the castle wall which led to the dungeon where a beautiful princess was confined.

"You can never locate the door," said the old negress. "And even if you found it you could never

reach the princess. You would have to pass two fierce lions, and constantly revolving millstones, and a deadly serpent. The lions would tear you into pieces. If you escaped them the millstones would grind you into powder. If you escaped the millstones the serpent would coil itself about you and fill your veins with poison. It is quite impossible to reach the princess."

The youth thought of nothing except the imprisoned princess. "I found the door which led me to food and drink," said he. "Why may I not find the door which leads to the beautiful captive princess? I should at least like to peep through the door?"

One day a rat ran across the floor and quickly disappeared in a crack in the wall. The youth began to dig farther into the crack, and at length he discovered the door. He rested that night, though he was so excited he could not sleep a wink. The moment it was light he started to dig again, and soon he had freed the door so that it would swing open. He quickly unfastened the bolt and pushed it wide.

The two lions, which crouched ready to spring

upon him, were larger and fiercer even than he had expected. He quickly pulled off his jacket and tossed it to them. Both the lions sprang upon the jacket and fought to obtain possession of it. The youth ran past them and through the door they guarded.

The heavy millstones were revolving violently and did not stop their revolutions a single instant. The boy threw his shirt at them. The millwheels became clogged and he ran quickly past.

Before him there appeared a huge serpent. It hissed at him angrily. Quickly he tossed his shoe to it, and the serpent's deadly fangs were embedded in the shoe. The boy escaped past it and through the door it guarded. He had no jacket or shirt and there was a shoe on only one foot, but he was safe.

He found himself in a room lined with gleaming gold. It was adorned with pearls and diamonds and precious stones from every part of the earth. Upon a richly carved couch lay the most beautiful maiden in the world. There was a sweet smile upon her lips, but she was fast asleep. Slowly she opened her

beautiful dark eyes. They smiled into the boy's.

"Thank you for coming to awaken me," she said. "I should have slept for a thousand years if you had not come. I am sorry I cannot stay with you. I'll give you this so that I shall be able to recognize you again." With these words she gave the youth a dainty handkerchief of sheerest linen. In the corner of the handkerchief there was a coronet embroidered with skilful stitchery.

Suddenly the beautiful princess, the richly carved couch, the room lined with gold, with ornaments of pearls and diamonds and precious stones from every part of the earth, the mysterious castle, the high rocks in the midst of the waves, all disappeared. There was not a trace of them left. The boy found himself standing by the seashore in a certain town in Spain which he well knew. He was holding in his hand a dainty handkerchief with a coronet embroidered in the corner.

The youth could think of nothing except the beautiful dark eyes of the enchanted princess and her sweet smile. He sought for her in every city, in every

land. He despaired of ever seeing her again, but he treasured the handkerchief carefully.

At last he returned to his own city. He had been everywhere else in his search for the princess, but he had not yet visited again the familiar scenes of his boyhood. He decided to remain there for a time and then once more renew his search. He knew that he could never rest in peace until he had once more looked into the beautiful dark eyes of the enchanted princess.

As he approached his own city, he saw that it was decked in gala attire. There were banners and flowers everywhere.

"What feast is this?" he asked the first man he met.

"Why, don't you know?" asked the man to whom he had spoken. "Where have you been that you do not know that this is the wedding day of our beautiful princess?"

There was no time to talk more, for at that very moment the wedding procession appeared. The lad looked at the bride and his heart stood still. He

gazed once more upon the face of the beautiful enchanted princess whom he had awakened in the castle in the sea.

He ran like the wind through the crowd. He pushed aside all who got in his way. He was like a madman. Nevertheless, he reached the steps of the church long before the bridal party arrived there.

As the bride came up the steps he waved before her eyes the dainty handkerchief of sheerest linen with the royal coronet embroidered in the corner. The face of the beautiful princess turned white and then it turned to deepest rose. Her dark eyes shone with the great joy which filled her heart.

Within the church the clear voice of the princess rang out proudly, "I will wed only the youth who has my handkerchief with my coronet embroidered in the corner."

The wedding guests looked at each other in amazement. The bridegroom searched anxiously in all his pockets. In none of them could he find a handkerchief with the coronet of the princess in the corner.

The princess turned to her father. "Send men

to search for him!" she cried. "He was dressed as a beggar and he sat upon the steps of the church! He it is who came to my side in the enchanted palace in the sea. It is he who awoke me out of my enchantment. I gave him my handkerchief with my coronet embroidered in the corner. I will wed him and him alone!"

Search was quickly made. There on the steps of the church still sat a youth with smiling eyes, a youth dressed in shabby, dusty garments like a beggar. In his hand he held a dainty handkerchief of sheerest linen with a royal coronet embroidered in the corner.

The former bridegroom retired in sorrow and disappointment, and the wedding was celebrated with great joy.

THE PRINCESS WHO WAS DUMB

ONCE upon a time in a city in Spain a little daughter was born in a home where the three elder brothers had already gone out into the world to seek their fortunes. Time passed, and when the girl was fourteen years old and the loveliest maid in the whole city, the parents died. Luisa, the daughter, was left entirely alone in the world.

No one knew where her brothers were to be found, but in spite of that fact, Luisa started out in search of them. She wandered on and on, and finally when it was almost dark she saw in the distance a great castle. She hastened toward it to beg shelter for the night, but when she arrived there she could find no door. She walked round and round the castle, but could see no entrance. The only windows were

high up in the towers and there wasn't a single door.

Suddenly there appeared an opening in the wall before her. It was large enough for her to crawl through and she crept in. As soon as she was inside, the hole closed up, leaving her within the castle.

She was terribly frightened, but she decided to explore her new surroundings. She passed from hall to hall in the castle and saw, everywhere, rich tapestries. In the courtyard there was a beautiful fountain and such trees and plants as she had never seen. In the dining-room there was a table laden with delicious food. No one was to be seen anywhere; but just as Luisa was beginning to eat, she looked into the adjoining hall and saw three huge lions. She was so frightened that she dropped her plate to the floor.

The three lions immediately changed to three handsome young men. They came up to Luisa, looking at her intently.

The eldest said, "Who are you, pray tell, my fair maid? You appear so much like my own dear mother, that I have reason to believe that you may

be the little sister who was born after I left home."

Luisa told her story and the three brothers knew at once that it was their sister who had come to them.

"If you will be a good little maid and be obedient to all we tell you, we shall live together very happily here," said the eldest brother.

"You have nothing to fear. It is a jolly life we shall lead here in the castle now that we have a little sister for company," said the middle brother.

"I have always wanted a little sister to live here with us," said the youngest brother.

Luisa lived in the castle with her three brothers. It was only at night when they appeared in their human forms. In the daytime they took the shape of great lions and went out into the forest to hunt. Luisa stayed alone in the castle all day and busied herself in preparing food and in sewing. She liked best of all to sit with her sewing at a window high up in the castle tower. The window overlooked the forest, and often the three lions would come to the edge of the

forest, look up at her window, and wag their tails.

One day Luisa was sitting with her sewing at the window high up in the castle tower, when she heard the sound of trumpets. She had never seen any one except her brothers since she came to the castle to live, but now there appeared a royal hunting party. The prince himself was at its head. He spied the lovely maiden in the window and fell in love with her immediately. He climbed up to the window and they talked of many things.

At last the prince said, "How is it that you live here in this huge castle all by yourself?"

Luisa was just on the point of telling him about her three brothers when she heard a deep strange voice in the castle saying: "If you can go for three years without saying a single word, your brothers will be freed from their enchantment. If, however, you speak in that time, your brothers will remain lions for the rest of their lives."

Luisa shut her mouth at once. The prince could not get another word out of her, but he thought that it was due to a sudden shyness at his presence. He

begged Luisa to marry him at once and go away to live in his palace with him.

Luisa had fallen in love with the handsome prince as completely as he had fallen in love with her, and she wanted to go with him at once. As she looked out into the forest, she saw the three lions watching her. They nodded their heads to her, and she went to prepare for her departure. Again she heard the strange deep voice in the castle halls, "All will be well if you can keep silent for three years."

When the prince took Luisa home to the palace all the courtiers thought that she was the most beautiful maiden they had ever seen. At first they attributed her silence to shyness; but, as the days went past with no word from the new princess, the courtiers said one to another: "What a pity that our brave prince has been so unfortunate as to wed a dumb wife."

As for the queen mother, she was furious that her son's wife should be dumb. The prince assured her that when he had first seen Luisa she could talk as well as any one, but that did not help matters.

"O foolish prince! You have married a dumb wife, you who might have wedded any princess in the whole world!" she cried.

"Whether or not my wife is dumb she is the only woman in the world for me!" said the prince.

Luisa's sweet ways captivated every one in the palace and they all loved her in spite of her great affliction, except the queen mother. She never ceased to hate her dumb daughter-in-law.

Time passed and the king died. The prince was now king in his place, and the queen mother's hatred toward the young queen grew. She felt that Luisa's dumbness was a disgrace to the whole kingdom. The prince talked himself hoarse to his mother, pointing out all his wife's lovely qualities; but it made no difference. The queen mother's hate grew with time.

Now it came to pass that a war broke out in the land, and the young king was forced to take his place at the head of his army. At his departure he begged his mother to be kind to his beautiful dumb wife. He went away from the palace sorrowfully.

As soon as the king had gone, the queen mother began to plan as to how she could best get rid of her dumb daughter-in-law. She plotted against Luisa and caused her to be condemned to death.

Word was brought to the king at camp, and he hastened home with all possible speed. He arrived just in time to avert the disaster. The hangman was making his preparations.

"I postpone this hanging!" cried the king as he came dashing up on his big black charger. "My wife shall not be put to death until I have heard her story, and have given her a chance to plead her cause to me!"

It was nearing twelve o'clock of the day when the three years would be completed.

"I can speak at last! I can tell my husband at last all the things I have hidden in my heart!" said Luisa to herself, as she clasped her hands and fell upon her knees in thanksgiving at his return.

Just as the clock began to strike twelve, three enormous lions came dashing into the palace. The

attendants all fell back in alarm, and the lions made their way to Luisa's side. When the clock stopped striking twelve, the three lions were transformed into three handsome young men, clad in garments of purple velvet and cloth of silver.

"I thank the angels for the most faithful sister who ever lived upon the earth!" cried the eldest brother.

"I thank my own dear sister for her rare ability to hold her tongue!" cried the second brother.

"I thank Heaven that the three years are past and my own dear sister's dumbness is at an end!" cried the third brother.

They all embraced Luisa at once. Talking all together, they explained to the king how their enchantment could be broken only by Luisa's silence for three years.

"I have known that Heaven has bestowed upon me the dearest wife in the whole world. Now my joy is complete!" cried the king as he took Luisa in his arms.

As for Luisa, she was so happy at being able to

talk once more that she talked on and on for three days and three nights without stopping. The king was compelled to admit to himself that there are certain advantages in having a dumb wife.

THE KING WHO SLEPT

ONG ago there was a beautiful princess who was the joy of her father's life. She loved the country more than the city, and she and her father spent much of their time in a splendid palace in the open country. It was surrounded by wonderful gardens in which bloomed great quantities of lovely roses.

One day the princess was sitting in her balcony, when she heard a shepherd boy singing as he looked through the garden gate. This was his song:

"Roses red and roses white,
The king will not awake tonight;
There is a king far away
Who'll not wake up till St. John's Day.'"

The princess had never heard this song before. She called the shepherd boy into the garden. "Sing your song over again. I want to hear it again," she said to him.

The shepherd boy repeated:

"Roses red and roses white,
The king will not awake tonight;
There is a king far away
Who'll not wake up till St. John's Day."

"Where did you hear that song?" asked the princess.

"It's just a little thing which my mother has often told me," replied the shepherd boy.

"Where is this sleeping king? Tell me all you know about him," asked the princess, as she leaned eagerly over the railing which inclosed the balcony.

"My mother says that there is a castle far, far away, where there is a king who is enchanted. He sleeps all the year, but in the early morning on St. John's Day he awakens and looks about him. If he sees no one he goes to sleep again for another year.

If, however, he should see somebody when he wakes, his enchantment would be broken. She says that sometime there will be a princess brave enough to go to break his enchantment," replied the shepherd boy.

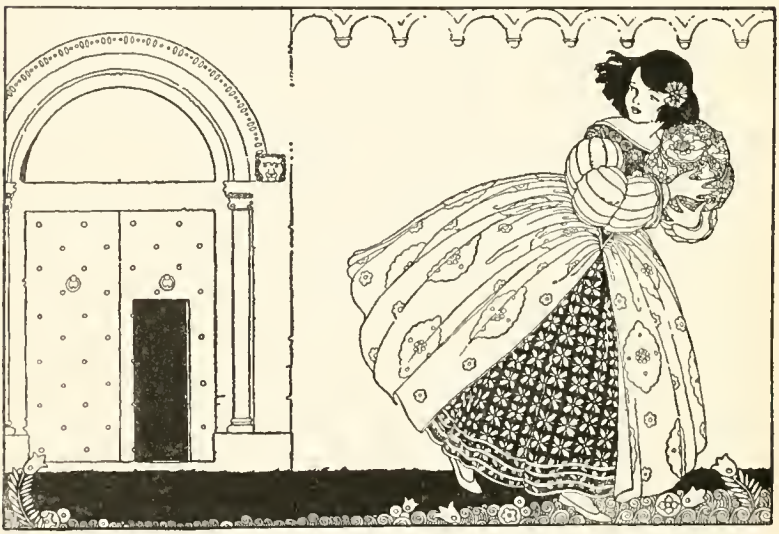
"Where does your mother say this castle is to be found?" asked the princess. Her white hand upon the railing of the balcony was trembling with excitement.

"My mother does not know," was the boy's answer. "She says that it is so far away that one would wear out shoes of iron on the journey there."

The princess, who was very fond of adventure, decided to go in search of the castle of the sleeping king. She well knew that her father would not consent to her departure upon such a quest, and she did not consult him in regard to her journey. She went secretly to an old, lame shoemaker, and ordered shoes of iron made to fit her dainty little feet. When they were completed she put them on and stole out of the palace at night while every one was asleep.

In the morning the king could not find the princess anywhere in the palace. He searched for her in

the garden among the roses and could not find her there. Then he became alarmed. He thought that she must have been stolen, and at once he sent bands of soldiers in search of the kidnappers.



The Princess decided to go in search of the castle of the Sleeping King.

The beautiful princess traveled by roads which were little frequented. If any one approached she hid in the bushes. Once she escaped an encounter with her father's searching party by hiding in a cave.

She journeyed on and on until she was very weary. Finally she came to a palace on top of a high hill in the depths of the forest. An old woman came to the door when she knocked.

"Poor little maid! Where are you going? What can I do to help you?" asked the old woman kindly, when she looked into the tired eyes of the beautiful girl.

"I am seeking the palace of the king who sleeps until St. John's Day. Might this be it?" asked the princess.

"O no," replied the old woman, laughing. "You are far away from that place. I have never been there, though, now that you mention it, I believe that I've heard my son speak of it. This is the palace of the Great Wind. I am the mother of the Great Wind, and my son will soon be home. Come in, poor child, and rest here until he comes. I'll hide you under a kettle so he will not hurt you."

The tired princess was glad to rest under the upturned kettle. Soon she heard a rough voice in the palace, and a heavy step which jarred the kettle.

"I smell the flesh of a human! I smell the flesh of a human!" cried the voice.

The princess trembled with fright under the kettle and wished she were safe at home in her palace garden among the red and white roses.

The mother of the Great Wind quieted him with difficulty. "There is a poor little wandering maiden here in the palace. Do not harm her. She is seeking the palace of the king who sleeps until St. John's Day and I told her to rest here until you came home. I was sure you could tell her how to get there."

The Great Wind frowned. "All she has to do to get there is to follow the road—the road which leads past our palace," he said. "But it will not do her any good to find the palace of the sleeping king, for she could not get inside of it. The door is guarded by a pair of enormous lions who would tear her into fragments."

"Isn't there any way of stopping the lions' mouths?" asked the mother of the Great Wind.

The Great Wind looked thoughtful. "A bit of

the food left on my plate would stop their mouths," he said. "Where is my dinner? I'm hungry!"

The mother of the Great Wind was in despair, for she well knew what an appetite her son had. There never was a single mouthful of food left on his plate.

An unusual thing, however, happened that day when the Great Wind was eating his dinner. There was a hair in the food. The Great Wind was very cross about it and left the rest of his plate untouched.

His mother smiled as she said to herself, "Now I can help the poor little maid to pass the fierce lions." She saved the food carefully to give to the princess.

In the morning the princess went on her way with the package of food from the Great Wind's plate. She traveled on and on until there was a tiny little hole appearing in the right shoe of iron. Then she knew that she must be near the end of her journey.

Soon she saw a magnificent palace in the distance, the most splendid palace she had ever seen. She hastily undid her package. She was not a moment too soon, for the fierce lions had spied her and were

running to seize her, with loud roars and their manes erect.

She quickly threw them the food from the Great Wind's plate. It stopped their mouths at once. She hurried into the hall of the palace out of their reach.

The beautiful great hall of the palace was full of wonderful marble statues, and there were rich tapestries upon the walls. She wandered through all the lovely apartments of the palace, but saw no one. At last she found the king asleep in an alcove opening from one of the great, richly furnished chambers. He was lying upon a couch of carved silver, dressed in gorgeous robes of velvet and cloth of gold. Soft dark hair curled back from his white forehead. He was the handsomest man the princess had ever seen.

"He is indeed a king worthy of all my long, difficult journey," said the princess as she knelt by his sleeping form.

The princess had entirely lost track of the days and weeks and months. She did not know when St. John's Day would come, and she never dared leave the alcove for long. Every day there appeared a table in the

room loaded with delicious food. When she had eaten, it would disappear as mysteriously as it had come. It was very quiet in the palace and very lonely there beside the couch of the sleeping king.

One day the silence was broken. There was a voice in the field outside the palace window which called out, "A slave for sale! Who wants to buy a slave?"

"A slave would at least make the place less lonely for me," said the princess. "Of course there isn't any work for her to do. My meals appear by magic, and everything about the palace is as clean as gold. Nevertheless, I believe I'll purchase her so there will be another living being in the palace with me." She opened the window and called out to the slave dealer that she would purchase the black slave girl.

The slave girl had no work to do and she soon became full of curiosity regarding her new mistress. "There is some mystery here," she said to herself. "I must find out about it. My mistress never leaves the alcove either day or night. She always stays beside the carved couch of silver upon which the

king sleeps. I wonder why she will not go away from there."

One day the slave came to her mistress and said: "O come to the window which opens upon the garden! There you will hear the most enchanting music. You cannot hear it here at all."

The princess did not want to leave the sleeping king, but the slave at length persuaded her to go to hear the music. The princess did not dream that it was St. John's Day, and that the music in the garden was in honor of the holy festival. It was the most exquisite music she had ever heard. It was as if she were listening to the song of the angels in Heaven.

When the mistress had gone, the black slave girl sat down in her mistress' place at the side of the couch of carved silver. Suddenly the king moved in his sleep, stretched out his hand and touched the hand of the girl seated in the chair beside his couch.

"Thank Heaven, my enchantment is broken! You have come to save me and you shall be my bride!" said the king.

No sooner had the king said these words than he

turned so that he could get a better light upon the face beside him. He saw that it was black. He was filled with disgust, but his enchantment was broken and he had promised to wed the one who had saved him. There was no other way except to fulfil his promise.

When the princess turned to leave the music and return to the alcove, she saw that everything in the palace was changed. All the statues had come to life and were moving about the splendid halls.

She was seized with a sudden fright and ran to the alcove. As she drew near, she met the king with the black slave girl upon his arm.

"Woe is me! Woe is me!" cried the princess as she ran from his sight. "Here I left my post for a single half-hour and I was not there when he awoke! It is my slave girl who was at his side! Heaven pity me! Heaven help me to endure this with patience!"

The king noticed the beautiful girl who had looked at him with such grief and sorrow in her eyes. "Who is that beautiful maiden who turned and ran away?" he asked the slave girl.

"Oh, that is just one of my servants," replied the slave.

The king was not exactly enthusiastic about his wedding, but he went on with the preparations for it as best he could. He promised to buy a gift for every one in the palace, and he went from one to another asking what each one wished. At last he came to the beautiful maiden who had run away from him when she first saw him.

"What gift shall I buy for you so that you will remember this day?" he asked her.

"A hard, hard stone and a bitter cup," replied the princess.

The king did not know what to make of this request. "Why would any one want these things?" he asked the chemist when he was purchasing them.

"You must be buying these for some one who is weary of life and wants to commit suicide," replied the chemist as he measured out the bitter cup.

The king returned to the palace and gave to every one the gift he had purchased. He gave the princess her gift with the others, but he followed her to her

room and listened at the keyhole. The princess was weeping bitterly. She was talking to the stone and the stone was answering her.

"O hard, hard stone," said the princess. "Do you remember the shepherd lad and his song?

> "'Roses red and roses white
> The king will not awake tonight;
> There is a king far away
> Who'll not wake up till St. John's Day.'"

"I remember," responded the stone.

"Do you remember how I went to the old, lame shoemaker for shoes of iron to wear on my journey?" asked the princess.

"I remember," responded the stone.

"Do you remember how I put on the shoes and ran away from the palace of my father who loved me, to seek the palace of the enchanted king?"

"I remember, I remember."

"Do you remember how I passed through many dangers, and at length reached the palace and seated myself beside the sleeping king?"

"I remember, I remember."

"Do you remember how I bought a little black slave girl to keep me company in the lonely, quiet palace,—unlucky day that I did it?"

"I remember, I remember."

"Do you remember how the slave girl drew me away from the king to listen to the music of St. John's Day, and took my place beside the sleeping king. Woe is me! Woe is me! I cannot bear to live longer to see her wed the king,—my king whom I watched beside and loved with all my heart!"

The king broke open the door and rushed into the room. He took the princess in his arms.

"You are the one who came through many perils to break my enchantment! It is you who watched long lonely months by my side while I slept! It is you who are my own true love! It is you who shall be my bride!" were his words, as he wiped away the tears from the cheeks of the princess.

When the princess and the king returned to her father's palace they were received with great joy. It was as if she had returned from the dead.

THE PRINCE FERNANDO

ONG ago a king and queen lived in a beautiful palace. The palace, in spite of all its grandeur, was a lonely place, because there were no little children in it. The king and queen passed their days in offering prayers and vows before one saint or another that they might be granted just one little son.

One day the king was hunting in a deep forest. He watched with envious eyes the little son who had come with one of the royal hunters. "I cannot—cannot endure the pain of having no son of my own," he mourned aloud. "What is my kingdom and all its riches with no son to inherit them!"

Suddenly a genie sprang out of the hollow stump of a fallen tree before him. The king had never seen a genie before in all his life and his royal cheek

turned pale with excitement. Because he was the king, of course it was not fright.

"Your wish shall be granted," said the genie. "You shall have a son on condition that you shall make a vow to me that you will bring your son to me at the end of twenty years."

The king gladly made the vow. Twenty years is a long time. One does not know all that twenty years may bring to pass.

When a little son was born to the king and queen there was great joy in the royal palace. The little prince was given the name Fernando. The good king and queen brought him up to be a worthy prince.

The twenty years flew swiftly by. The king and queen celebrated their son's twentieth birthday with a great feast. They heard nothing from the genie and they tried to forget the vow which the king had made.

One day the king was hunting in the forest. His fine black horse suddenly reared and dashed away into the thick underbrush. The king seized hold of

the branches of the bushes, as he was thrown from his horse's back.

Suddenly he heard an angry voice, "Why are you pulling my beard?" The genie stood before him.

"I was looking for you," said the genie. "Where is that son of yours, the prince Fernando, whom you have vowed to bring to me at the end of twenty years? Did you think that I had forgotten?"

"He did not accompany me upon this hunting expedition," stammered the king. "You see—you see, —the queen is keeping him rather closely in the palace and its gardens these days. Anyhow, I did not expect to see you."

"Evidently not," said the genie. "See to it that you bring Fernando the prince to me tomorrow."

The king returned to the palace with a sad heart. He thought of the lonely place the palace used to be in the days before his son had been born. The twenty years had seemed so short! How lonely the palace would be when the prince was gone!

When the king entered the palace he found that

the queen was ill. He hastened to her bedside at once. As soon as she saw him tears poured down her cheeks.

"I have heard a strange voice in the palace," she said with sobs. "Today, as I was ascending the staircase, I heard a strange, deep voice. 'The twenty years are passed. The twenty years are passed,' is what it said. 'Why does not the king fulfil his vow? See to it that tomorrow the king brings the prince Fernando to me as he has promised.' I saw no one, but that strange deep voice is still ringing in my ears! It seems as if my heart will break!"

The king found the prince in the palace garden with his favorite dogs about him.

"O father!" cried the prince, as he hastened to meet him, "Have you ever made any promise to any one which you have not fulfilled? Here in the garden today I heard a strange deep voice, 'The twenty years are passed. The twenty years are passed,' is what it said. 'Tell your father, the king, that he must fulfil his vow.' I saw no one in the garden. It is all very queer. I never had heard anything

The King returned to the palace with a sad heart.

about your ever having made a vow which you failed to fulfil. Tell me what it can mean."

The king, with tears in his eyes, related the whole story to the prince.

"You will have to take me to the genie," said the prince when he had heard it. "You must keep your promise." The prince squared his shoulders fearlessly like the true prince he was.

The next day the king took the prince into the deep forest where he had met the genie. When Fernando had said his sad farewell to his father, the genie led him into a deep cave. It opened into a magnificent palace, far larger and grander than any palace which Fernando had ever seen. The wife of the genie and his three daughters lived in the palace. The genie's three daughters were all very beautiful, so beautiful that it was difficult to tell which was loveliest. The two eldest daughters had the beauty of wicked elves which allure and lead to evil deeds. The youngest daughter, the little Maria, had the beauty of an angel. Her face made one better just to look at it. Fernando liked Maria best of all.

For two weeks the prince lived in peace in the genie's palace. He spent his days roaming about the magnificent rooms and chatting with the genie, his wife, and his three daughters.

Then one day the genie suddenly said: "When are you going to work? You have been here fifteen days now and you have not done a thing for me!"

Fernando was greatly surprised. "I'm afraid I do not know how to work very well," he said. "Tell me what sort of work you want me to do. I'll do my best."

The genie led Fernando to a window which looked out upon the inner court of the palace. "Do you see that well?" he asked. "I have lost a precious jewel in that well. It is necessary that I have it restored to me, and you are the one to do the work."

Fernando looked at the well in despair. He had no idea how to go about the work of finding a precious jewel lost in its depths. He told his troubles to Maria.

"Don't worry about it," said Maria with a sweet smile which made her even lovelier than before. "It

will be an easy task. I'll tell you just what to do. Go into my father's library and ask him for the blue book on the top row of the bookshelves. My father will try to make you take another book, but the blue one is the one you must get."

Fernando did as Maria commanded him. The genie did not want him to take the blue book. He tried to give him a red one instead, but Fernando insisted that it was the blue book which he wanted to see. Finally, the genie gave him the blue book.

Maria studied the blue book carefully. Soon she began to laugh. Her laugh reminded Fernando of the sweet songs of birds and the gay rushing of a little brook over stones.

"Your task is easy," she said to him. "All you have to do is to throw a handful of salt into the well. Then the water will collect at one side of the well and the stones at the other. It will be easy for you to find my father's precious jewel."

Fernando did as Maria had advised. He threw a handful of salt into the well. Soon the water collected at one side and the stones at the other. There

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were a great many stones,—large stones, small stones, and middle-sized stones. Fernando searched long and carefully before he found a little stone which looked as if it might be a precious jewel if it were once more polished. He took it to Maria, and she at once made it glow with all its wonderful splendor, when she had polished it for a moment upon the hem of her blue gown.

"Take it to my father," she said. "Come back at once and tell me what he says."

Fernando bore the jewel to the genie. The genie flew into a terrible rage.

"I know now what you have done," he shouted in a voice which made the great room shake. "You took the blue book to my daughter Maria and Maria read it. To pay for this you'll forfeit your life." He said other terrible words which were not at all the sort of words which Fernando could repeat to Maria.

"Let us flee from here at once," cried Maria, when she heard of her father's wrath.

Maria advised the prince to go into the stable

and get a horse for them to ride. "The fattest horse travels at the rate of thirty leagues an hour," she said, "but the thinnest one of all goes at the rate of forty leagues an hour. Be sure you choose the thin horse."

When the prince came up with the horse, it was the fat one! "O dear, O dear!" cried Maria, "You've mixed horses!"

The prince suggested that he go back and get the thin horse, but Maria was sure that they had no time to spare. Accordingly, they set out upon the fat horse which traveled at the rate of thirty leagues an hour.

After a while the genie missed his daughter. Then he soon found out that the prince was missing too. When he went to the stable he saw that the fat horse was gone. "That is not so bad," he said. "They have left behind my best horse."

He mounted on the thin horse which traveled at the rate of forty leagues an hour, and in a little while he had overtaken the prince and Maria. Maria saw her father coming and turned the horse into a garden,

the prince into a gardener, and herself into a head of lettuce.

"When my father comes up pretend that you are deaf," she said to the prince.

The genie approached the gardener and asked him if he had seen any one pass by on horseback.

"I have only one head of lettuce, but it is a good one," said the gardener.

"I didn't say anything about your lettuce!" cried the genie in his loudest voice. "I asked you if you had seen any one on horseback pass this way!"

"This has been a poor year for lettuce. Next year will be a better one," said the gardener.

"May all the devils take your soul and carry it away!" exclaimed the genie. He turned around and went home to tell his wife about it.

"You stupid man!" cried the genie's wife when she heard about his experiences. "Do you not know that the gardener was the prince, the garden the horse, and the head of lettuce your daughter Maria? Hurry after them as fast as you can!"

The genie had almost overtaken the prince and

Maria the second time, when Maria saw him coming. She turned the prince into a hermit, the horse into a hermitage, and herself into a lamp.

When the genie asked the hermit if he had seen any one pass by on horseback, the hermit called out, "Oil for my lamp! Give me oil for my lamp!"

"I do not care anything about your lamp!" cried the genie angrily. "What I want to know is if you have seen any one pass by on horseback!"

"My light is going out! My light is going out!" cried the hermit.

The genie could obtain no other response from him and went home in despair to tell his wife about it.

"Don't you see that Maria had turned the prince into a hermit, the horse into a hermitage, and herself into the lamp?" said the genie's wife. "You are the most foolish person I ever saw in my life! Hurry after them and don't let Maria deceive you so easily again."

The next time Maria saw her father approach she took a pinch of salt she had brought with her and threw it behind her. Immediately a great sea of salt

water appeared between the genie and the fugitives.

When the genie saw that he could not cross the sea of salt water he was very angry at his daughter. "Curses be upon your head!" he cried. "May your prince forget you if a dog licks his hand, or an old woman embraces him."

Soon the prince and Maria arrived at the prince's own kingdom. "You wait outside the city," said the prince to Maria. "I want you to enter the city in a fashion suited to your position. I will get the royal coach and conduct you to the royal palace in splendor."

"Don't forget my father's curses!" called Maria after the prince as he set out. "Keep the dogs away, and don't let any old woman embrace you."

"Never fear," replied the prince. "I'll take care of that!"

When the prince arrived at his own palace all the dogs came running to greet him and all the courtiers came running to embrace him after his long absence. He pushed them all away. He would not allow even

his own mother to embrace him. He told her that he wanted the royal coach made ready at once.

"Lie down, my son, and rest a moment!" said his mother. "I'll order the coach prepared and I'll call you the very moment when it is ready."

While the prince lay sleeping, his old grandmother came and embraced him.

Soon his mother came and said: "My son, the royal coach is ready. Go to meet your bride and escort her home to the palace."

"What do you mean?" asked the prince. "I have no bride and I never ordered the royal coach. Go away and let me sleep!"

His mother thought he must have been so tired that he was crazy when he first arrived home. When he awoke from his long nap he seemed quite as usual.

Maria waited and waited for the prince to return with the royal coach. When it grew late she guessed that her father's curse was what kept him. She went into the city on foot and hired out as maid in the family of a wealthy noble. She worked in his household for a year, and then one day the prince came

wooing the noble's daughter. Maria saw him, but he never recognized her at all.

"Next time the prince comes may I prepare a little theater to entertain him?" Maria asked her mistress.

Her mistress gladly gave her consent, so Maria prepared two dolls and made the little theater ready for the day of the betrothal feast. Maria herself stood behind the curtain and pulled the cords which controlled the doll's movements.

When the guests were all seated one of the dolls gave the other a blow.

"Cristobal, don't you remember your visit to the palace of the genie?" it asked.

The other doll replied, "No," and received many blows upon its head. The prince felt the blows upon his own head.

"Cristobal, don't you remember the day the genie commanded you to go to work?"

"No." More blows.

"Cristobal, don't you remember the jewel in the depths of the well?"

"No."

The prince felt all the blows upon his own head, but he said nothing. Maria began to be afraid that her plan was unsuccessful after all. She gave a terrible blow to the doll.

"Cristobal, don't you remember the curse if a dog licked your hand, or an old woman embraced you?"

The prince felt a terrible pain in his head. "Who is running this little theater?" he asked. "Bring the person to me at once."

When Maria stood before the prince he recognized her as his own true love. They were married immediately, and the noble's daughter was left without a bridegroom.

The prince and Maria lived in the palace with the king and queen, and after a time the sound of little children's voices were once more heard in the royal palace. The old king and queen died after many years of happiness and Fernando and Maria ascended the royal throne.

THE LILY AND THE BEAR

THERE was once a merchant who dwelt in a city of Spain. He was the father of three lovely daughters. The youngest was dearest to her father's heart. She was a merry little maid whose smile was like the sunshine. She always ran to meet her father with a laugh and a song.

Now it happened that the merchant had invested his entire fortune in a ship which sailed the seas and stopped at many ports for trade. All went well until one sad day he received news that the ship was lost. Even the song of his youngest daughter could not cheer him. The loss of the ship meant that he was a ruined man.

After many long weary days in which he neither ate nor slept, there again came news concerning the

ship. It had wandered from its course and had been driven about in great storms, but was now safe in a neighboring port. It awaited the merchant's orders. His heart was once more full of joy and he prepared to go to meet the ship.

In parting, he called his three daughters to him and said to them: "What gifts, my dear ones, do you want me to bring you when I return?"

"O father, please bring me a silk dress, a rose-colored silk dress," cried the eldest daughter.

"Please bring me an embroidered handkerchief," said the middle daughter, "a handkerchief made with skilful stitches."

"And you, little girl, what do you want me to bring you?" the merchant asked, as he drew his youngest daughter to his knee.

"Bring my own dear father safely home to me," said the youngest daughter as she threw her arms about his neck. "And bring me a lily. We have many roses in our garden but I have never had a lily."

The merchant promised to fill the requests of his

three daughters and departed for the port at which his ship was awaiting him. He unloaded the boat and sold the cargo. Then he purchased a new cargo with which to sail for home. Last of all he made the purchase of gifts for his three daughters. For his eldest daughter he found a dress of rose-colored silk, the exact shade which would make her dark eyes glow and bring a deeper rose to her soft cheek. For the middle daughter he found a wonderful embroidered handkerchief wrought with great skill, a work of patience and of beauty. Search as he would he could find no lily to carry to his youngest daughter. There was every other sort of flower which he had ever heard or dreamed of, but no lily.

The merchant hunted and hunted to find the lily. He walked and walked through all the streets of the city in his search. At last he wandered to the outskirts of the city. The youngest daughter was the dearest little maid of all, and it made her father sad even to think of returning home without fulfilling her request.

Finally, in his wanderings, he came to a house sur-

rounded by an immense garden. It was the most wonderful garden he had ever seen in his life. "Here I will surely be able to purchase a lily to carry home to my dear little daughter," he said, as he went up the path to the door of the house.

He knocked and knocked at the door, but no one answered. There was no one to be seen about the place. He decided that it was entirely deserted, and he strolled about the garden to admire the beautiful plants. Almost the very first flower he set eyes upon was a lily,—a beautiful white lily.

"At last I have found a lily to take home to my dear little daughter!" cried the merchant as he carefully plucked the lovely flower. "O lily, you are as fair and beautiful as the little maid herself!"

As soon as he had broken the lily's stem, an enormous bear sprang up out of the ground at the exact place where the lily had grown. The poor merchant was nearly frightened to death.

"Who gave you permission to pluck that flower?" cried the bear, in a fierce, gruff, bear-like voice.

The merchant's teeth were chattering with fright

as he answered: "Oh, I could find none from whom to beg permission! It is the holy truth! I knocked and knocked at the door of the house! I thought the place wes entirely deserted, and I'd searched and searched so long to find a lily! You see, I'd promised to take a lily home to my youngest daughter! I'll gladly pay you anything you ask!"

"These flowers here in this garden are not for sale," replied the bear sternly. "You have broken the flower and the harm is done. The only remedy I see is for you to bring your daughter here to me in payment for the lily."

"In that case," cried the poor merchant in terror as he threw the flower upon the ground, "keep the lily! I don't want it, you may be sure."

"You have broken the flower. The harm is done," said the bear's stern voice. "There is no other remedy. Take the lily and bring hither your youngest daughter. Otherwise you and all your family shall perish."

The father went sadly away. When he reached home his three daughters ran to meet him. He gave

the eldest daughter her dress of rose-colored silk. He gave the middle daughter the wonderful embroidered handkerchief. Then he gave the beautiful lily to his youngest daughter with tears running down his cheeks.

"O dear father, what is the matter? What is troubling you?" cried his three daughters all together.

The merchant told his daughters all that had happened. He drew his youngest daughter into his embrace. "Dear little daughter, I cannot, cannot take you to the bear!"

"Do not fear," responded the brave little maid. "If I do not go we all shall perish. I will gladly go to the bear. It is I who have brought about this trouble with my request for the lily. I'll start at once."

When the little daughter arrived at the house in the garden, there was no one to be seen. The door of the house stood open and she went inside. She walked through all the rooms, but saw no living soul. There was plenty of food and drink, and she lived alone in the house in the garden, seeing no one. Sometimes

at night she heard strange groans in the garden, but she was afraid to look out of the window.

At last one night the groans were so terrible that she could no longer endure listening to them. She ran out into the garden in the moonlight. There, at the very place where the lily had been broken, lay the bear, severely wounded. His moans were terrible to listen to.

"Poor bear, can't I do something to help you?" cried the merchant's daughter, forgetting her fear in her sorrow at the sight of the bear's suffering.

The sweet pure face of the girl as she bent over him looked very like a lily to the dying bear.

"O lily maiden, you have come at last!" he cried. "Quick! Put your finger upon the broken stem of the lily. You are just in time to save my life!"

The girl swiftly found the place where the flower had been broken off. She put her finger upon it. When she looked at the bear there was no bear to be seen. Instead a handsome young man stood before her, and bowed low as he kissed her hand.

"O lily maid, I am a prince who was enchanted into the form of a bear. No one in all the world could break the enchantment except a lily maid with a pure heart," he said.

The enchanted prince wedded the merchant's daughter, and her father and sisters came to dwell with her in the house in the midst of the beautiful garden.

SUN, MOON, AND MORNING STAR

ONCE upon a time there lived three widows, each of whom had an only son. They were all of them very poor. One owned three cows, one owned three sheep, and one owned three pigs.

Every day the three boys took the beasts into the fields to find food. The lads worked together, played together and ate together, sharing their lunch at noon under the shade of the trees.

Food was not very abundant in those three homes, and the lunches which the boys brought were, at best, none too large. The son of the woman who owned the three pigs brought little enough to satisfy the appetite of a growing boy. The son of the woman who owned the three sheep didn't have a very large luncheon either. The son of the woman who owned

the three cows and who could well afford to give a larger, better luncheon than her neighbors was always the one who had least of all.

At last the other two boys grew tired of sharing their luncheons with him when he did not pay them back. They said to him, "How is it that, though your mother is not so poor as our mothers are, you are always the one of us who has least to eat? Explain it to us or we will not share with you today."

The son of the woman who owned the three cows explained with his fists. An old man passed by when the fight was going on and asked the cause of the quarrel. The boys stopped their fight and all of them talked at once.

"Isn't it true that our luncheons are bigger than his?" asked the son of the sheep owner, as he and the son of the owner of the three pigs pointed to their slices of bread and pieces of cheese. "Just see for yourself the difference!"

The old man looked at the bread and cheese with longing eyes. "I am very hungry," said he. "I have eaten nothing since yesterday and I am so faint that

I can scarcely stand. Give me, I pray, a bite of your lunch."

"You can't have any of mine," said he of the pigs. "It is not enough for me."

"If I should give you a bite of mine," said he of the sheep, "I should be faint with hunger myself before I reach home tonight."

"Here, take all of mine," said he of the three cows. "You may have every bit of it. Furthermore, I'll drive up one of my cows and you may have some milk, too."

The old man ate the food in silence. Then he suddenly asked, "Do you like dogs?"

"Indeed I do," replied the boy who had given the luncheon. "But why do you ask? Doesn't any boy like a dog? I have always wished I had one of my own, but my mother has always said that she had no food to give a dog."

"I asked because I have three dogs which I want you to see," replied the old man. He whistled sharply. "Come here, Sun, and Moon, and Morning Star!"

Three great dogs came running up to their master. "How would you like to exchange your three cows for these three dogs?" he asked the boy.

"I'd like to do it," replied the lad. "But I well know what my mother would say to such an arrangement. I wouldn't dare."

"When you go home tonight ask your mother about it," said the old man. "I'll wait for you here in the morning to make the exchange."

That night the boy told his mother about the old man's offer. The woman fell into a violent fit of temper.

"You crazy child!" she cried, as she seized him roughly by the collar and shook him. "Don't ever let me hear any foolish talk like that from your lips. It is our three cows that furnish the milk which supports us. How would we live if we exchanged them for three dogs? Don't ever listen to any silly offers like that. If I should wish to part with one of my cows it would be for a good price."

In the morning the boy found the old man waiting

for him under the tree where he had eaten his luncheon.

"Well, what did your mother say?" asked the old man.

"My mother told me in plain language what she thought of such a transaction. Do you see how my collar is torn as she shook me?"

"I am very sorry that your collar is torn," said the old man kindly. "Nevertheless, I insist upon the exchange. You will never regret it. Whatever you lack, these three dogs will provide for you. Here, Sun, Moon, and Morning Star! This is your new master! See that you take care of him and obey all his commands!"

The old man drove away the three cows and left the three dogs.

"I am hungry," said the boy to his new pets. "Get me a luncheon which will be larger than the lunch which the other boys will bring."

That day the boy was as astonished as his neighbors when he spread out his luncheon before them under the tree. There was such a meal as he had

never dreamed of tasting. He shared it with his friends, and the three lads feasted for an hour.

That night, when the boy went home with his three dogs, they broke the leash with which he held them and tore into the house like a whirlwind. They overturned chairs, broke dishes, and ate up every bit of food in the house and even the wick in the candles.

When the widow returned home and saw the destruction, her anger knew no bounds. She seized her broom and drove the three dogs and the boy out of the house.

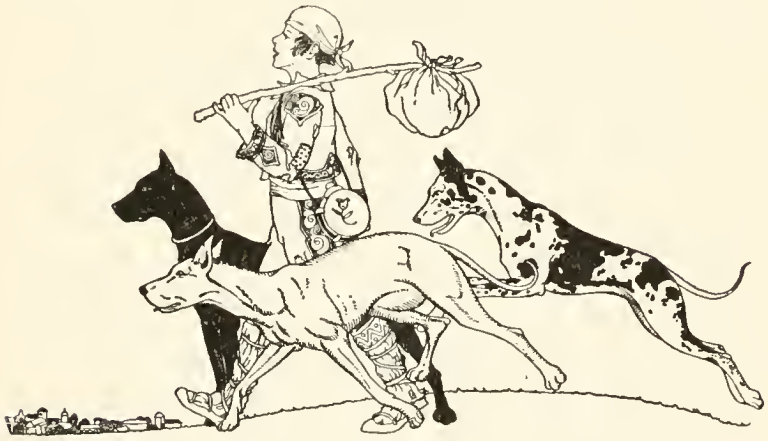
"Never let me see your face again!" she cried. "It will be the last day of your life when you enter my door again!"

The boy and his three dogs left home that night and wandered away in the starlight. They slept in the forest. In the morning when the boy was hungry the dogs brought a breakfast of such delicious food as he had never tasted.

"I'll never be hungry again so long as I have these dogs for my friends," said he. "Now that I

am sure of plenty to eat I am going to travel about and see the world a bit."

The lad journeyed on for many days. Each day the three dogs provided better food than the day before.



The boy and the three dogs left home.

One day the boy met an old man on the hillside. "Where are you going, my lad?" asked the old man.

"I am just traveling about to see the world," replied the boy. "May I ask where you are going?"

"I am going to Madrid," replied the old man.

"Where is Madrid?" asked the boy. "I have often heard of that famous city, but I have never been there."

"You have just passed a turn in the road which leads to Madrid," replied the old man. "Do you know what is going on there?"

The boy replied that he did not.

"Every day a great serpent with seven heads and seven tongues comes out of the forest and demands that a maiden be offered to him as a meal. All the maidens in the city have been devoured by the serpent, and tomorrow he will demand the daughter of the king. The princess is very beautiful, and she is the joy of her father's heart. The whole city is in mourning. The king has promised his beautiful daughter as a bride to the one brave enough and strong enough to free the city from the terrible monster."

The boy and his three dogs took the road which led to Madrid. As he came to a rocky hillside overlooking the fair city, he saw a beautiful maiden in soft white garments with a crown of lovely flowers

upon her head, waiting on the high rock. He knew at once that it was the king's daughter.

Immediately there was a loud hissing sound which filled the air. The beautiful maiden turned even paler than before under her flowery crown. The huge serpent with seven heads and seven tongues glided swiftly towards her.

"At it, Sun!" cried the boy. "At it!"

The huge dog sprang at the serpent and fought with it valiantly.

"At it, Moon!" cried the youth. "At it! Hasten to the aid of Sun!"

The second dog sprang at the serpent, too, just as the first was showing signs of weakness.

"At it, Morning Star!" cried the boy when he saw that the conflict was going against his two dogs.

The fresh dog turned the tide, and soon the seven-headed serpent was lying dead upon the rocks. The youth cut off the seven tongues and put them in his pocket. Then he went on into the fair city of Madrid.

When the king's daughter returned to the royal palace she was received with great joy. The whole

city was given a holiday. Everywhere there was music and feasting.

"Who killed the serpent?" was the question on every tongue.

The young man who claimed that he was the one who had saved the princess was not in the least like the fair youth with the three dogs. The princess stamped her little foot in anger and declared that he was an impostor.

"You were so frightened that you did not look at the one who rescued you," said the king. "Don't be silly. This is no time to show your temper. Get ready for the wedding at once."

When the guests were all assembled in the great hall of the palace, ready for the wedding feast, the cook came running into the room and threw herself face downward upon the floor at the king's feet.

"Have mercy upon me!" she sobbed. "Have mercy upon me!"

"What has happened?" asked the king in amazement. Meals were always served punctually in the palace and he had never seen the cook act like this.

"Just as I had the dinner ready," sobbed the cook, "the most terrible thing happened. Three great dogs came dashing into the kitchen. One seized the meat, one seized the fish, and one seized the cakes. Then they ran away, and I could do nothing at all to save the royal dinner for the great wedding feast of our beautiful princess. Oh! It is too terrible for words!"

The king frowned sternly. He beckoned to the royal guards. "Go search for these dogs and their owner," he ordered. "Search for them throughout all Madrid, and when you have found them bring them to the palace at once."

"Go prepare a new dinner as quickly as possible," the king commanded the cook. "That shall be your punishment."

The princess was the only happy person in the palace. She was glad to have the wedding feast postponed so long as possible.

Soon the royal guards came back to the palace leading Sun, Moon, and Morning Star, and their master. The moment the princess saw them she clapped her hands with joy.

"That is the youth who saved me!" she cried. "He and his three dogs!"

The king frowned. "Are you sure?" he asked in a sterner voice than he was in the habit of using when he addressed the princess.

"Indeed, I am perfectly sure," replied the princess. "Haven't I been telling you all the time that this bridegroom here is nothing but an impostor?"

The strange youth put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the serpent's seven tongues. The bridegroom, when he saw them, was so embarrassed that he faded out of the room.

"Of course I killed the serpent. I and my three dogs arrived just in time. What is all the trouble about?" were the stranger's words. "If there is any doubt about the matter these seven tongues are ample proof."

"Tell the cook to serve the dinner for the wedding feast as quickly as she can," said the king to his attendant. "And tell her, too, to save plenty for these three dogs."

THE FROG AND HIS CLOTHES

ONCE upon a time in Spain there was a fisherman who was very poor. There came a day when he had no luck in catching anything. There were no fish to keep his family from starving, as well as no fish to sell in the market-place. He went into the field to pull thyme, thinking that he could sell that, at least, in the market. He had with him a weeding-hook made of basswood, and he worked hard cutting thyme until at last he had a large amount of it. Suddenly, as he cut off a bunch of thyme, a frog sprang out of the ground.

"Why did you cut down my house?" asked the frog.

"I beg your pardon," said the fisherman. "I did not know that it was your house. I am cutting thyme

to sell in the market-place. I have a house of my own, you see,—a poor little house,—and in it are my wife, my little sons, and my daughter, who is the prettiest maiden in the whole village. I cannot catch fish any more. I have lost all my luck. If I do not sell this thyme my family will starve."

"If you will give me that pretty daughter of yours for my wife I'll give you a big bag full of gold. If you refuse I'll kill you on the spot," said the frog.

The poor fisherman did not know what to do. At last he consented to give his daughter in marriage to the frog. The frog gave him the bag full of gold as he had promised and ordered the fisherman to arrange the wedding for that very night.

When the fisherman reached home with his bag full of gold his family was overjoyed. He did not dare tell his daughter that she was to marry a frog. He simply told her that he had found a rich husband for her.

All went well, for that night at the wedding it was a handsome, richly attired young man who presented himself as the bridegroom. The frog had jumped

out of a pool of water and hopped to the house, making everything wet and muddy with his tracks. Then, when it was quite dark he had changed into a handsome young man.

The next day the fisherman's daughter discovered that her husband had the unfortunate habit of becoming a frog in the daytime. She was very much embarrassed and hid the frog in her pocket. She could not keep him out of sight all the time, however, and very soon her friends discovered that since her marriage she had formed the habit of having a frog for a pet. She said that her husband was away on business all day, and her friends told her that it was well, otherwise he would object to her having a pet frog.

Her neighbor across the street disliked the frog particularly. "Who ever heard of having a frog for a pet!" said she. "Such a loathsome object as that! Some time when you are not looking I am going to dash it to pieces against a rock."

The neighbor became suspicious that it was the girl's husband who became a frog by day. She went

to her father and begged for a pet frog, too; but her father could not find one, though he searched for a long time in the field by the river.

"I'm going to find out all about that frog anyway!" said the neighbor, and she had a wooden key made to fit the lock of the fisherman's house.

One night she stole into the house across the way by means of the wooden key. There was her friend's handsome husband fast asleep in his bed with his clothes neatly folded upon a chair near by. As she bent over his sleeping form a bit of melted wax from the candle in her hand fell upon his face. Immediately he was changed into a frog. She put him into her pocket and hurried away.

The next morning the fisherman's daughter could not find her pet frog anywhere. She shook up all the pillows, hoping that she would shake him out of some hiding-place. She searched everywhere about the room. There were her husband's clothes lying on a chair, neatly folded. He had never left his clothes behind before when he changed into a frog. She rolled them up and carried them with her everywhere

she went. It was the next best thing to having him near her.

The girl's mother saw that she would make herself sick with her worry over the loss of the frog, and she urged her to go to the fair. The poor worried girl did not want to go, but at length her mother persuaded her. She insisted upon carrying the bundle of her husband's clothes under her arm.

As soon as she reached the fair she saw the neighbor who lived across the street. Then she heard a familiar voice:

"My clothes I see!
My clothes I see!
Stick them in your neighbor's pocket!
Pass them quickly down to me!"

The girl quickly stuffed her husband's clothes into her neighbor's pocket. The neighbor was busy watching Punch and Judy and did not notice her at all.

Immediately her husband appeared, dressed in the clothes she had put into her neighbor's pocket. "Thank you so much for bringing my clothes to me,"

he said. "I've never before been able to get hold of them when I was a frog. They have always changed with me. Now that I have on my own shirt and coat and trousers and boots I'll never have to be a frog again."

The frog's enchantment was broken for all time, and he and the fisherman's daughter lived happily all the days of their life.

THE WHITE DOVE OF THE CITY OF THE SWINGING GATE

ONCE there was a mother whose son had grown up to be a tall, straight youth, the finest in the land. As time passed and he did not choose a wife from among the maidens of the city, his mother questioned him as to why he appeared to have no thoughts of marriage like the other youths of his age.

"I have never yet seen a maid who pleased me," said the young man. "When I marry I want to wed the most beautiful maiden in the world. I have never yet seen a girl who was really beautiful. One will have a crooked nose, or small eyes, or ugly teeth. There is always something to mar her good looks. I am going out into the world to seek for a bride whose beauty has nothing to mar it."

The young man left his native city with his mother's blessing upon his head and plenty of money in his pocket. He traveled through many lands, but nowhere could he find a really beautiful maiden. There was always something to mar a girl's beauty. At last he sought the advice of a wise old wizard in the deep forest.

"The most beautiful maiden in the world has been enchanted," said the wizard. "She has been changed into the form of a white dove."

"Where can I find her? Is there nothing to break her enchantment?" asked the young man.

"She is to be found in the City of the Swinging Gate," replied the wise man. "Her enchantment will be broken when you remove from her head a nail which a wicked witch has driven into it, because she was jealous of the beauteous maid's great loveliness and sweet disposition."

"Where is the City of the Swinging Gate?" asked the youth eagerly. "I'll go there at once."

The old wizard shook his gray head sadly. "The beautiful White Dove of the City of the Swinging

Gate long ago would have been restored to her own form could a mortal youth have found the city," he said. "Many youths have sought for it throughout the whole world, and no one has ever found it. You would better be content to marry a maiden less beautiful. There are many girls with lovely faces and sweet ways."

"I will marry the most beautiful maiden in the world or no one else," said the youth as he sorrowfully turned away from the wise man in the depths of the forest.

The youth sought everywhere for the City of the Swinging Gate. At last he went to the house of the Sun. The Sun was away doing his day's work, but his daughter was at home.

"I am seeking for the City of the Swinging Gate," said the young man as he bowed low before her. "I have sought for it throughout the whole world, and now I have come to the Sun for help."

"I am sure that my father can help you. He knows everything," replied the daughter of the Sun.

Suddenly there was a great illumination in the

castle. It was the Sun coming home from his day's work.

"Crawl into the closet, or you'll be melted," said the daughter of the Sun, as she hastily shoved the youth into the closet and shut the door.

"I smell human blood! I smell human blood!" cried the Sun as he entered his castle.

"It is only a poor earth youth who is seeking for the City of the Swinging Gate," said the daughter of the Sun. "Can't you tell him how to get there?"

A deep shadow passed over the Sun's shining face. "I can give the youth a map which will guide him to the City of the Swinging Gate," he said. "I suspect that the reason he wants to get there is to find the White Dove of the City of the Swinging Gate. He will have to be a wise youth if he ever discovers her!"

The next morning the daughter of the Sun let the young man out of the closet as soon as her father had gone away to do the day's work. She gave him the map which her father had left behind for him. The youth thanked her for all her great kindness to him and went on his way.

He walked and he walked, and finally he arrived at the City of the Swinging Gate by closely following the map which the Sun had left for him. He could never have found the way there without the map. The first person he saw inside of the city was an old negro gardener who was busily engaged in caring for the plants which grew in the palace garden.

"Can you tell me anything about the White Dove of the City of the Swinging Gate?" asked the young man as he threw himself down on a bench to rest.

The old negro looked at him sharply. "The White Dove of the City of the Swinging Gate comes here to drink at this fountain once in three days. I expect her tomorrow," he said.

The young man did not dare leave the bench beside the fountain for fear he would miss the white dove. The old negro brought him food, and he was so hungry that he ate it thankfully. No sooner had he eaten the food than he was sound asleep.

When he awoke the sun was setting in the west. "Oh, I have been asleep!" he cried as he rubbed

his eyes. "Tell me, have I missed the White Dove of the City of the Swinging Gate when she came to the fountain to drink?"

"She came three hours ago, drank, and flew away," replied the old negro.

There was nothing for the young man to do except to wait patiently for the next visit of the White Dove to the fountain. He refused all food. Though the old negro brought him tempting delicacies he resolutely shook his head.

"It was because of the food I ate that I went to sleep and missed seeing the White Dove," said he. "I will touch no food until I have the White Dove of the City of the Swinging Gate safely in my hands."

The third day a little black boy offered the young man a cigarette. He accepted it thankfully, for he was very faint and weak from fasting. As soon as he had smoked the cigarette he went to sleep.

He awoke with a start. "Have I been asleep and missed the White Dove again when she came to drink at the fountain?" he asked the old negro.

The old negro laughed. "The White Dove of

the City of the Swinging Gate came to the fountain three hours ago. She drank and flew away. The Dove is not coming here any more. She has chosen another drinking place."

The poor youth was in despair. The old negro went away chuckling to himself. Suddenly the young man spied a bit of white paper at his feet. He picked it up at once. On it he saw these words written in letters of scarlet: *"Meet me at the fountain at the opposite side of the city."*

The young man sought the other fountain. There was no time appointed for the mysterious meeting, so he watched all night. Early the next morning a large snow white dove flew up to the fountain, balanced itself gracefully upon the rim of the fountain, and drank.

"This must be the White Dove of the City of the Swinging Gate," said the youth, as he caught it in his hand.

He felt swiftly about its head. There was a hard little lump on the top of the dove's head. It was a nail.

The youth quickly pulled out the nail, and the most beautiful maiden in the world stood before him. She was even more lovely than he had dreamed that it was possible for a maid to be. There was nothing at all to mar her perfect beauty.

"At last there is a youth wise enough and brave enough to seek and find the City of the Swinging Gate," she said as she smiled into his eyes.

The young man returned home to his own city with his beautiful bride, and there was great rejoicing in the city. There were music, and fireworks, and great feasting. The White Dove of the City of the Swinging Gate had a disposition quite as lovely as her face and the young man considered himself the most fortunate man in the whole world.

THE FLOWER OF BEAUTY

ONCE upon a time in a city in Spain there dwelt a poor widow and her only son. The youth was apprenticed first in one trade and then in another, but he was a success nowhere. His mother began to despair of his ever being able to earn his living. There seemed to be no work in which he was sufficiently interested to do it well.

The only thing the boy liked to do was to make drawings, and at last his mother decided to take him to the court painter who lived in the city, in hopes that he might receive the boy and teach him his art.

The boy stayed with the court painter for many months. He could copy his master's paintings so accurately that it was difficult to tell which was the

original and which the copy, and the master said to his wife, "I have at last found a lad who not only will be able to learn all I know, but who will far outdistance me."

One day the painter came home from court in despair. He threw his hat and gloves upon the floor, and bowed his head upon his hands.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife in amazement.

"I was summoned to the royal court today at the request of the prince," said the painter. "Last night the prince dreamed of a beautiful maiden, the Flower of Beauty, and he has ordered me to paint a picture of her. How can I paint a picture of her when I have never seen her?"

The apprentice was listening. "How did the prince say the Flower of Beauty looks? Is she dark or light?" he asked eagerly.

"She is a blonde and very lovely, according to the prince's description, but she is only a dream maiden. Who am I that I can paint a picture of a maiden who haunts the prince's dreams?"

The boy stepped close to the painter and laid his hand upon his arm. "O my master!" cried he, his voice trembling with his eagerness. "Tonight I beg you to leave me here in your studio, with a loaf of bread and a jug of water, and I will paint all night long. I will paint a picture of the Flower of Beauty for you to take to the prince."

The court painter gazed at the boy in astonishment, but he decided to let him try. As he said to his wife, "There isn't much to lose,—a loaf of bread and a jug of water, some canvas and paint. Of course the boy will not succeed, but neither will I. The boy's failure will be no worse to witness than my own."

In the morning the painter hastened to his studio to see what success the lad had found during the night. There was the tired boy fast asleep upon the floor, but upon the easel stood the portrait of as beautiful a maid as even a prince might dream of,—a lovely blonde woman,—a perfect Flower of Beauty.

The court painter cried out with surprise and joy,

and the lad awoke. "Take it to the prince," he said, as he turned over for another nap.

The master remained staring at the portrait, his eyes bulging from his head and his mouth wide open. It was some time before he could recover from his surprise sufficiently to set out for the royal palace with the portrait.

When the prince saw the picture his delight knew no bounds. "That is the very maid of whom I dreamed. It is the Flower of Beauty!" he cried, as he fell on his knees before the portrait.

After a moment he arose and turned to the court painter. "You have been so successful in painting me a picture of the Flower of Beauty that I am going to take you with me when I go in search of her," he said. "I may have to seek for her throughout the whole world. I command you to accompany me."

The court painter returned to his home in deeper despair than ever. He stormed into the studio. "What do you suppose has happened now?" he asked his wife. "The prince is going in search of the

Flower of Beauty throughout all lands, and he orders me to accompany him! Think of a man of my age traveling about in search of the Flower of Beauty of whom the prince has dreamed! His command is law, but what shall I do! What shall I do!"

The apprentice was listening. "O my master, go to the prince!" he cried. "Tell the prince you have a son who will be of great assistance on the journey. Beg of him to let me go along. Then when you are tired out you may return home and I will accompany the prince."

The court painter did as the boy requested and the prince gave his consent gladly. It was a great day for the lad when he set out upon the journey with his master and the royal prince.

After a time, when the painter began to show signs of weariness, the lad said to the prince: "Does not your royal highness observe how tired the painter is becoming? I can be your guide upon this journey. Why may he not return to his home and let us go on by ourselves?"

The prince looked the lad over sharply. "Do you think you can be my guide?" he asked. "You alone?"

The boy replied, drawing himself up proudly, just as straight and tall as he could, "I am quite sure of it."

Accordingly, the court painter returned to his wife and his studio.

The prince and the boy traveled on and on, and as night approached they found themselves near a great palace. The door stood wide open and they entered. They passed from hall to hall. In the great dining-hall stood a table laden with delicious food. In the alcoves there were clean white beds. There was no one to be seen anywhere.

The prince and the boy ate and drank, and then the prince said, "We should not both sleep at once. I will keep watch until eleven o'clock, and then you may stand guard the rest of the night."

The boy slept soundly until the prince awakened him at eleven o'clock. The prince went to sleep then, as soon as he struck his bed.

It was just twelve o'clock when the boy heard footsteps in the palace. Soon he heard voices.

"Farewell, Juan."

"Go with God, Pedro."

"Do you know that the royal prince is seeking a bride?"

"Who is it?"

"It is the Flower of Beauty."

"It will be impossible for him ever to reach the Flower of Beauty."

The voices were silent and the boy heard no more. In the morning when the prince awoke, he was ready to journey on; but the lad besought him to linger longer in the palace in the hope of hearing again the voices and getting more information in regard to the Flower of Beauty and where she was to be found.

The next night the boy went on guard at eleven o'clock, and at exactly twelve he again heard footsteps in the palace. Soon he heard voices.

"Farewell, Juan."

"Go with God, Pedro."

"Did you know that the prince is seeking the Flower of Beauty?"

"That will be an impossible quest for the prince, because of the Wild Waves."

"That is not so difficult. A key from the door of this palace, when tossed into the sea, will turn at once into a silver bridge leading to her castle."

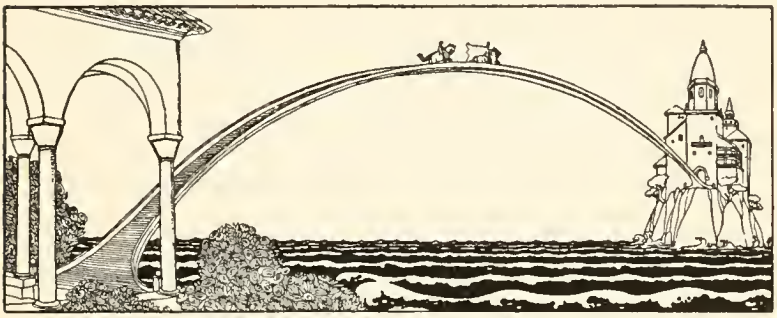
The voices were silent. The next morning the boy begged the prince to stay in the palace for a few days more, but he would delay no longer.

They threw the key from the door of the palace into the sea, and immediately a silver bridge appeared. They crossed the Wild Waves safely upon the silver bridge, and at the end of the bridge they discovered a magnificent palace. Before the palace door sat the Flower of Beauty herself, the loveliest maid in all the world, with her long waving blonde hair, soft pink cheeks, and sweet smile. On one side of her sat an enormous giant and on the other side a huge lion. All of them were sound asleep.

"Hush," said the prince. "Let us steal up quietly and carry away the Flower of Beauty without

awakening any one. Ah, she is even lovelier than my dreams!"

The prince and the painter's apprentice stole silently up and seized the Flower of Beauty without



At the end of the bridge they discovered a magnificent palace.

awaking her. Neither did they awake the giant nor the lion.

They had almost crossed the Wild Waves upon the silver bridge when the giant woke up. He missed his charge, the Flower of Beauty, at once. One step took him to the edge of the Wild Waves, and he was about to step upon the silver bridge when it suddenly disappeared. The prince and the boy had safely borne

the Flower of Beauty ashore on the other side, at that very moment.

The huge giant roared in rage. "O Flower of Beauty, you may have escaped from me!" he called out; "but you shall not escape my curse! I pronounce two curses upon you! On your wedding day may you be devoured by the wolves or turned into a marble statue!"

The Flower of Beauty awoke from her sleep in time to hear the giant's curses. "O my deliverer, you have come at last to save me!" she said, as she looked into the prince's eyes.

The prince and the painter's apprentice and the Flower of Beauty spent the night in the deserted palace. Just at midnight the boy heard footsteps in the palace and voices.

"Farewell, Juan."

"Go with God, Pedro."

"Did you know that the prince has carried away the Flower of Beauty?"

"How did he escape injury from the giant and the lion who guarded her day and night?"

"He stole her away while they were sleeping, but he cannot escape from the curses of the giant."

"What will these curses be that they are so difficult to escape?"

"On her wedding day the Flower of Beauty will be devoured by wolves,—and something else,—I have forgotten what."

"The Flower of Beauty does not need to be devoured by wolves, if the prince collects the royal army on his wedding day and commands them to encircle the palace and slay the wolves when they come out of the forest."

The next day the prince journeyed home to his own palace with the Flower of Beauty. They were received with bands of music, and rockets illumined the sky. There was joy throughout the kingdom and a great wedding feast was arranged.

The painter's apprentice sought a word with the prince, and when he had access to him he whispered into his ear: "Do not forget the giant's curse. Place the royal army about the palace with orders to slay

the wolves when they come out of the forest to devour the Flower of Beauty."

Accordingly, the royal army was drawn up in a circle about the palace. "It is many a day since wolves have ventured far out of the forest in these parts," remarked one captain to another as they stood on guard. "This is a silly position for the royal army on the wedding day of the prince!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the wolves began to appear, great droves of them, gaunt and wild-eyed. The royal army had to put forth its best efforts to slay the wolves; but at last the ground about the palace was strewn with dead beasts, while the few which remained alive escaped back to the forest from whence they came.

Suddenly there was a shriek within the palace which rang out above the howls of the dying wolves. It was the voice of the prince as he looked upon the Flower of Beauty changed into a marble statue in her wedding garments at his side.

There was grief in the palace and throughout the whole kingdom. Every one had been charmed by

the loveliness of the Flower of Beauty, and the whole countryside mourned with the sad prince.

The whole kingdom sought a way to restore the Flower of Beauty to the prince. At last the painter's apprentice thought of the palace where he had heard the strange voices in the night. He had learned much there which was of advantage in securing the Flower of Beauty for the prince, and he decided that perhaps he again could learn something worth while. Accordingly, he set out for the palace.

He did not dare lie down upon the bed when he arrived there. He was so very tired that he feared he would not awaken to hear the voices. He kept awake until the midnight hour. Then once more he heard the footsteps and voices in the palace.

"Farewell, Juan."

"Go with God, Pedro."

"Have you heard the news?"

"No. What news?"

"Did you know that the Flower of Beauty has been changed into a marble statue on her wedding day?"

"No. Was it the giant's curse?"

"Yes. Nothing can break it except the blood of a lamb. If her veins are bathed in the blood of a lamb, once more the Flower of Beauty will be restored into a living woman."

The strange voices ceased. The painter's apprentice entirely forgot his weariness in the joy of his discovery. He traveled back to his own city by night and arrived there early in the morning. He ordered a lamb to be slain, and hurried with its blood to the royal palace.

The royal palace was wrapped in grief. The Flower of Beauty stood in the great hall, a beautiful marble statue. The prince lay face downward upon the floor at her side and refused to rise.

The painter's apprentice bathed the veins of the Flower of Beauty with the lamb's blood. Before his eyes the lovely flesh grew warm and pink. Once more the Flower of Beauty stood in the great hall of the palace, a living woman, lovely in her wedding garments.

The painter's apprentice came to live in the palace

as court painter. The prince and the Flower of Beauty loved him as if he had been their own brother. When the prince and the Flower of Beauty had children of their own it was he who painted the portraits of the royal babes.

THE MAGICIAN PALERMO

ONG ago there lived a prince who was greatly given to gaming. He gambled away all his possessions, and when he had lost everything he left the palace in despair.

He had heard of a magician who was so powerful that he could do anything he wished. The name of the magician was Palermo.

"How I wish that I had the power of the magician Palermo!" moaned the prince. "Then it would be easy to regain all that I have lost."

Suddenly the prince heard a voice at his elbow. "What is it that you want?" said the voice.

The prince fell upon his face on the ground. "I am a foolish, stupid prince who has gambled away all his possessions. If I only knew how to regain my losses I'd be the happiest prince in the world," said

he. "I'd also be wise enough to take better care of my property in the future."

"I am the magician Palermo," said the voice. "I will give you a bag containing a thousand pieces of silver. You must pay it back to me within the year. Every time you play with these silver pieces of mine you will win. You will soon be a rich prince again, so it will be easy for you to restore the silver. The difficult part of the affair is that you must pay it back to me where I live. That is far, far away beyond the sea. At the end of your journey I promise you one of my own daughters for your wife."

"Agreed!" cried the prince. "My heartiest thanks for all that you are doing for me!"

When the prince returned to the palace his luck had changed. Every time he played with the pieces of silver which the magician Palermo had given him he won. He played until he had not only regained all that he had lost but also until he had won a great fortune in addition. Then he set out to find the house of the magician Palermo to pay back the thousand pieces of silver, according to the agreement.

The prince traveled about, asking every one he met where the palace of the magician Palermo was to be found. No one knew how to direct him there. He traveled on and on and finally he came to the most wonderful palace he had ever seen. He knocked at the door and a little old woman came in response to his knock.

"Might this be the palace of the magician Palermo?" asked the prince.

"Oh no," replied the little old woman. "I have never even heard of such a person as the magician Palermo. This is the palace where the little birds live."

"Then you can't direct me on my way to the palace of the magician Palermo? What shall I do! No one knows the way there!" cried the prince in despair. He was very weary with his long journey.

The little old woman looked at him with pity in her eyes. "Just stay here until the little birds come home to rest at night," she said. "Perhaps the little birds will know how to direct you there."

Accordingly the prince rested in the beautiful

palace. Late in the afternoon the little birds came flying home, one by one. The prince asked every little bird how to reach the palace of the magician Palermo, but not a single little bird could tell him how to get there. They had not even heard of the magician Palermo.

The prince was in despair.

"Do not be entirely discouraged!" said the little old woman kindly. "You are not far from the palace where the big birds dwell. Perhaps they will know how to reach the palace of the magician Palermo. The big birds fly everywhere, you know."

The prince gratefully accepted this advice and traveled on to the palace of the big birds. When he knocked at the door of the palace a little old woman came to see what he wanted.

"Señora, I have been told that here I may be able to obtain directions to get to the palace of the magician Palermo," said the prince as he bowed low before her.

"I do not know how to direct you there," said the little old woman, "but I have heard of the palace

of the magician Palermo. I am quite sure that some of the big birds will be able to direct you there. Come into the palace and wait until the big birds come home."

The prince gratefully entered the palace and rested until the big birds came flying home. He eagerly asked each big bird the way to the palace of the magician Palermo.

The response was always the same. "I have heard of the palace of the magician Palermo, but I have never been there. I do not know how to direct you."

The prince was in despair.

At last the eagle came flying home, sweeping in on his great tireless wings.

"O eagle, do you know how to direct me to the palace of the magician Palermo?" asked the prince. He was so excited that his voice trembled so that he could hardly speak.

The eagle thought for a moment. "Yes, I have been there," he said slowly. "But I do not know how a mortal could get there. It is far, far away across

the deep seas. One flies for days and days, seeing nothing except the salt water."

"You could carry me there, perhaps, upon your great powerful wings?" asked the prince. He was not easily discouraged when he had arrived so far upon his way as the palace of the big birds.

"It would be a long, hard trip," said the eagle doubtfully. "We'd have to take supplies for the journey,—the meat of a horse and a sheep at the very least. When I turned my head and asked for food you'd need to give me a quarter of horse-meat or mutton. Otherwise my strength would fail and I'd drop you off into the deep salt water. The journey will last for many days. There will be days and days when we will see nothing but the salt water."

The prince ordered a horse and a sheep killed, and loaded the meat on the eagle's back the next morning. Then the prince climbed on and they started, but the eagle was so heavily loaded that he flew very slowly.

Time passed and then the eagle turned his head and asked for food. The prince gave the eagle a quarter of the horse-meat. After a while the eagle

again begged for food and this time the prince gave him a quarter of mutton. Every time the eagle ate, the load upon his back grew lighter so that he could fly faster.

Sometimes the eagle flew high up among the clouds; but often he flew near the sea so that the prince could see the deep blue stretch of water, sparkling in the bright sunlight, the shimmering silver pathway at night which the moon made upon the sea, and the great dark waves which leaped up in time of storm. For days and days the eagle and the prince saw nothing except sea and sky. There came a day when the last quarter of meat had been given to the eagle.

"I am growing weak," said the eagle. "Give me some food so that my strength may not fail before we reach the end of the journey."

"O eagle, there isn't any more food for you!" sobbed the prince. "The horse-meat and the mutton are entirely finished. What shall we do?"

"Perhaps I can keep flying a little while longer," said the eagle. "I'll do the best I can. I see signs

of land, I think. We are nearing the end of our journey."

Slowly and painfully, for he was very weak, the eagle approached the new land. At last he safely deposited the prince upon the shore.

"You have reached your destination," he said. "That palace you see over there is the palace of the magician Palermo. I will rest a little while and then start out upon my return trip. If you are ever in any difficulty just call out, 'Help me, O eagle!'"

The prince approached the great shining white palace where the magician Palermo lived. He was admitted to the presence of the magician Palermo himself. The prince recognized his voice immediately.

"I have come to pay back the thousand pieces of silver which you so kindly loaned me," said the prince as he bowed low. "I have kept my part of the agreement."

"Good," said the magician Palermo. "Then I'll have to keep mine, too. I believe I promised you one of my own daughters as a bride when you should

reach my palace and pay me back. However, I want to put you to a test before I do this. Look out of the window. What do you see?"

"Sea, sky, and mountain," replied the prince.

"Very well," said the magician Palermo. "Plow up the mountain, sow it with wheat, and harvest it. Then make me a little cake out of the wheat to accompany my cup of chocolate tomorrow."

"How can I do all that and get it finished tomorrow?" asked the prince in horror.

"You'll have to do it," responded the magician; "otherwise forfeit your life. If you do not have the little cake ready when I drink my chocolate tomorrow your life will be mine."

The prince left the palace in despair. He walked down to the sea. Then he remembered the eagle and the eagle's parting words. "Help me, O eagle!" he cried with a choking voice.

Immediately there appeared at his side the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen in his life. "The eagle has sent me to your aid," she said. "I am the youngest daughter of the magician Palermo. My

name is Luisa. I am my father's favorite child and he is so afraid that you will choose me for your wife that he is putting these hard tests in your way, hoping that you'll not be able to pass them. What is it that he has told you to do first?"

When she heard the task which had been given to the prince, she laughed. "Go to sleep and get a good rest. Don't worry at all. Tomorrow morning the little cake will be ready for you to take to my father."

The next morning the mountain had been plowed and planted and harvested. The magician's daughter gave a little cake made out of the wheat to the prince. It was wrapped in a napkin and placed on a tray ready for him to serve to the magician Palermo with his cup of chocolate.

When the magician saw the little cake on the platter he ran to the window. There he saw the mountain converted into a freshly harvested field. He looked in surprise from the window to the prince's face. "How did you do it?" he asked.

The prince drew himself up proudly. "For me

it was the easiest thing in the world," he replied. Indeed it had been easy.

"Very well, then, I'll try you with a new test," said the magician Palermo. "Go into my stable and lead out the handsomest black horse you see there. Take him out into the field and break him. Many skilled horsemen have lost their lives trying to break this black horse of mine."

The prince went out into the field and asked help of the eagle. The magician's daughter immediately came in answer to his call.

When she heard the new task given to the prince she said, "This is easy. In the morning place a saddle, bridle, and stirrups upon the black horse and lead him out into the field. Cut a big sharp stick. The black horse is my father, the saddle my mother, the two stirrups my two sisters and I am the bridle. Take your stout stick and beat the horse, the saddle, and the stirrups, but be sure that you do not beat the bridle. That would be beating me."

The next morning the prince led the black horse out into the field. He gave a terrible beating to the

horse, the saddle, and the stirrups, but he never touched the bridle. After the beating, the black horse was entirely tamed. It was easy for the prince to mount him and ride him. When the prince put the horse in the stable and entered the palace he found the magician Palermo, his wife, and his two eldest daughters sick in bed with their bruises. Luisa was as well as ever, and because of this her father was suspicious that she had helped the prince.

"I'll give you one more test," said the magician Palermo. "This will be the last one. The ring which my grandmother gave me has fallen into the sea. I want it restored to me. Bring it back and then you shall choose which of my three daughters you want for a wife."

The prince walked down by the sea and called out, "Help me, O eagle!"

Immediately Luisa appeared at his side. "What has my father been asking for now?" she asked.

When she heard that the magician Palermo had asked for the ring she knew that her father was suspicious of her having given aid to the prince.

"You will have to kill me and cut my body into pieces in order to get this ring out of the depths of the seas," she said.

"Then let the ring stay where it is in the depths of the sea!" cried the prince. "I'll never kill you, Luisa!"

"Don't worry," replied Luisa, "I'll come back to life. Only be sure that when you cut me into pieces you tie the pieces up in a cloth and do not lose any of them. If you lose any I'll be lacking the lost part when I come to life again. Go ahead and kill me. Let us have this last test passed as soon as possible."

The prince did as Luisa commanded him. When he tied up the pieces of body in the cloth, however, he let a tiny piece fall to the ground unnoticed.

Soon the sea rose in great waves. Out of the waves came Luisa with the ring upon her finger.

"Did you lose a little piece of me when you tied me up in the cloth?" she asked. "I am lacking my left little finger."

The prince mourned for the loss exceedingly, but

Luisa said that it did not matter. When the prince delivered the ring to the magician Palermo the magician was greatly surprised.

"I know that one of my daughters is mixed up in this affair," he said. He suspected that it was Luisa. Luisa carefully kept a cloth tied around her hand so her father would not notice that one of her little fingers was lacking.

When the magician Palermo led the prince into the presence of his three daughters to choose his bride, he blindfolded the prince's eyes. He was afraid that the prince would choose his youngest daughter, Luisa, who was most beautiful.

With his eyes blindfolded the prince selected Luisa at once. He felt of the hands of the three sisters and recognized Luisa because her little finger was lacking. The magician Palermo was terribly angry at the prince.

"We must flee from the palace at once," said Luisa. "Otherwise my father will surely take your life."

Once more the prince cried out, "Help me, O

eagle!" Immediately four great eagles flew out of the sky to conduct the prince and his bride safely back to his own kingdom.

. . . . . .

Once more the prince saw the deep blue stretch of water sparkling in the bright sunlight, the shimmering silvery pathway which the moon made upon the sea at night, the great dark waves which leaped up in time of storm.

After days and days of sea and sky and eagles' backs the prince and Luisa reached the prince's own kingdom. They were received with music and fireworks and feasting. There was joy throughout the land.

Crossing the great sea made Luisa lose her magic powers. She became like other women. But all women possess some magic.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM